

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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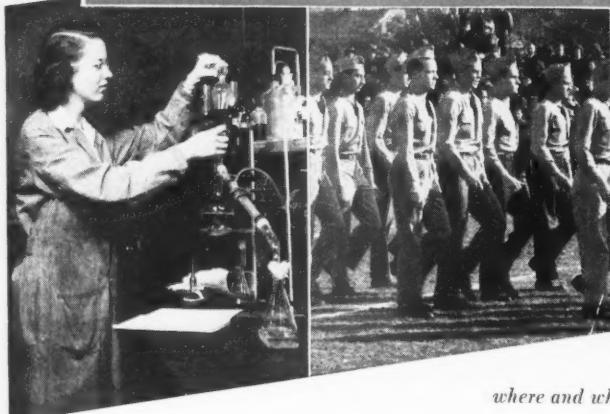
• THE VICTORY TO COME *By G*

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"Then were the Disciples glad"



There never had been gladness quite
Like Christ's disciples knew that day:
It was like clear dawn after night,
It was lost joy returned to stay,
It was faith shining through despair,
It was the silver faith that glows
In trusting hearts . . .
These all were there
That Easter day when Christ arose.

And like the ever widening rings
Of water where a bird has sped
After a quick bright dip of wings,
That morning's happiness has spread
Encircling earth in its wide scope,
Encircling you, encircling me,
To touch at last with light and hope
The far shores of eternity.

By
Grace Noll Crowell



COMFORT FOR THE QUESTING SPIRIT

AT Eastertide

● This year, as never before, we turn to the sustaining strength of the Spirit to meet the problems and perplexities of our war-torn world. These pages hold the precious treasure of calm confidence and enduring peace. Select now the books that best meet your individual needs—and those of friends and relatives you wish to remember at this Easter Season.

ABUNDANT LIVING—E. Stanley Jones [169]—*If you are heartsick; if you hunger for satisfying spiritual fare; if you would grow in mental and spiritual maturity—then here is not just a new book, but a new kind of book. A book of Daily Devotions with a different approach. You begin where you are now and grow as you go, advancing day by day to greater spiritual satisfactions.*

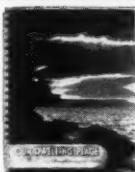
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Clark & Cram—[888]—For those who would join the Disciples in their plea, "Lord, teach us to pray," this little book will remove many of the hindrances to purposeful devotions. It will help in the solution of your personal problems; will aid you in contributing more richly to the spiritual life of those about you. These materials will put prayer upon your lips and into your life.

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OUT-OF-DOORS WITH GOD—Alfred J. Sadler—[224]

Prayer isn't limited—shouldn't be limited—to closed walls and the bended knee. At this season when God's great out-of-doors beckons anew, with its promise of Eternal Life, this small book comes as a manual of Quiet Meditations for Restless Humanity. It is unexcelled in illuminating the place of God in all that is good and beautiful in the world about us. \$1.



WITH GOD AND FRIENDS EACH DAY—Frederick R. Daries—[631]—In addition to the usual Devotional pattern—a theme, a text, a Bible selection, a meditation, a prayer and a hymn for each day—this little book provides space to record Birthdays, Anniversaries and other important occasions in the lives of family, relatives and friends. \$1.

THE EVENING ALTAR—Carl Wallace Petty—[98]—For a reverent benediction at close of day. Each chapter, with its concluding prayer, is a comforting, inspiring personal meditation. An unusual little book well adapted to individual or group devotion. It will quicken the pulse of many who need comfort and courage. \$1.



TWO MINUTES WITH GOD—Hoh & Hoh—[81]—This is a Devotional book for the entire family, from the youngest child to the oldest adult. It is unique in its construction, and in its basic idea. For the book was prepared by a father and his twelve-year-old son, with the purpose of binding the family unit closer in the grace of God. All who seek to take daily household or individual interests to the ear of a Heavenly Father will find the topical arrangement of this book a great help. \$1.50.



DOROTHY W. PEASE—[155]—If you are a lover of the open, this book will help you to establish an altar in the presence of God's beauty. If you wish help in leading worship at Camp, at Summer Assembly, at Vacation Conference, these Seventy Daily Readings will meet your need. If you seek a remembrance for a vacationer, this pocket-size treasury of readings is the gift ideal. Classifications: The Mountains, The Sea, Trees and Flowers, The Heavens, Birds, and General. \$1.

THE SANCTUARY

A Devotional Manual for Lenten Reading

Lucius H. Bugbee, Editorial Secretary, Board of Education, Methodist Church—[179]—Specially designed for the Lenten Period of 1943. In addition to the usual devotional pattern, a "project" is suggested for each day. For example: "Cultivate today an attitude of quiet confidence in God." Here is an ideal pamphlet for all who seek to supplement "official" material issued at this season by the denominational board. Convenient and effective in arrangement. 48 pages. Specially priced for quantity distribution. Single copies, 5¢ each; 30¢ dozen; \$1 for 50; \$1.25 per hundred.



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**Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING
Editor FRANK S. MEAD**

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OUR PLATFORM Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING *Answers*

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question: *I would be glad to know just how far Christian Herald is being circulated in the camps and to service men.*

Answer: *ary of \$20,000 for every citizen with only four hours work in a day and 200 hours days in a year. Is this possible?*

ANSWER.

ANSWER.—Our circulation manager tells me that more than 400 camps and stations in the United States and in foreign areas are now covered. Your financial assistance will help us increase this splendid ministry to the men with the colors. Letters from Chaplains and service men express their appreciation for Christian Herald. Chaplain A. D. Bruce writes: "A word out of the Psalms which hasn't found its way into current usage—nor much into the current of our lives—seems appropriate, as I express my own gratitude and that of the men. Thank you for your loving-kindness." Chaplain Bruce wrote to the Ladies of the First Christian Church of Edinburg, Texas, who had supplied him with a subscription,

Question:

You are receiving many requests for prayers and I am among those for whom prayer has been answered. Would you like to know how?

Answer:

Certainly I would be glad to know, and personally I would be helped in knowing even as I am sure others would be helped. I have never either from the pulpit or in a broadcast asked for such answers, but I am glad to have this question. If you, any of you, who have been helped, whose prayers have been answered, who have received strength from prayer, care to share with us the answers, I am very sure that the blessing will be so multiplied that we shall all be blessed.

Question:

Do you know anything about the Technocrats? I have seen automobiles of this organization painted gray with those in it wearing uniforms of the same color. I am told that it promises an annual sal-

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CHRISTIAN HERALD • APRIL, 1943 • VOLUME 66 • NUMBER 4

CHRISTIAN HERALD • APRIL, 1943 • VOLUME 66 • NUMBER 4
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and, ready to celebrate its sixtieth anniversary, that has never produced a minister or a missionary?

Answer:

Sixtieth anniversary of what? The question answers itself. Here is tragedy. Nevertheless, we shall hope that lives have been strengthened, sorrowing ones comforted, doubting ones revived in their faith, and multitudes led to their Saviour and Lord.

Question:

I am overwhelmed by the fact that there are times, though I strive to be an earnest Christian, when I do not have that "peace which passeth understanding." Can you help me?

Answer:

You need not be overwhelmed by your failure to have at all times the "peace which passeth understanding." There is spiritual achievement in our growth in grace. Christian experience should never become static. There is no finality here which precludes development and growth. Faith is not at fault because there are moments of uncertainty. Jesus rewarded the one who said, "I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief." That prayer brought healing to the afflicted son. You do know Him whom you have believed. You do have the assurance of salvation. And with this comes the knowledge of growth steadily toward and into the highest.

Question:

Are we hurrying to embrace communism? Are we not running headlong into dangers as great as those emanating from the Axis?

Answer:

We are not hurrying to embrace communism. We have no use here for any other governmental system than our own, though there is plenty of room to improve the system within its fundamentals. But we shall render our own freedom a sad disservice if we do not "embrace" our courageous Russian comrades who thus far have been our most potent defense. Also remembering Munich and certain other matters, does not Russia have quite as much reason to be suspicious of our motives as we have to suspicion hers?

Question:

Do you favor the Rum plan for paying income tax, forgiving the past year and paying as we go month by month through 1943?

Answer:

I do. Absolutely yes. This can be done without loss to the government. Indeed, if it is done many who otherwise would be compelled to default, will be able to pay. The Rum plan or its equivalent is sound both from the standpoint of economics and the nation's morale.

APRIL 1943

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*"right in the
thick of it"*

**SAID THE
TOP KICK**

"I always knew that chaplain of ours was a swell guy," said the sarge. "Back at camp he had been a friend—almost a father—to every one of us. He was the busiest guy in the outfit—holding prayer meeting, calling on the sick, organizing a choir, writin' letters to worried mothers—but he always had time for a buddy who needed a lift.

"But at that I was surprised when we got over here. When our outfit was sent out after Hill X, right when the going was toughest I looked around and there he was—right in the thick of it! He was everywhere, watching after his boys—and you could see how much just his being there did for them. Yeah . . . we got that hill all right."

★ ★ ★

From the moment our sons enter our fighting forces they can't help but feel the influence and guidance of our chaplains. These men, chosen for their forceful leadership, ability and courage, are an integral part of our army, navy and marine corps. They are trained under the most thorough system of its sort.

And your chaplains are the best

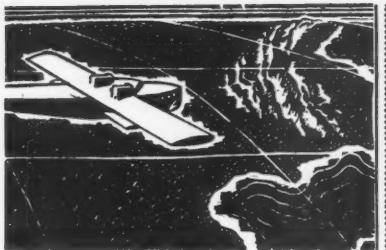
equipped in the world. Among their equipment are over one thousand Hammond Organs installed in chapels at training stations, camps and bases. These were the last we made before converting entirely to war production. Now we've got a vital war job to do—until peace and victory permit us to make Hammond Organs again.

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Hammond Instrument Company, 2927 N. Western Ave., Chicago—in peacetime world's largest makers of organs for churches, residences,

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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

ABROAD: On our desk lies a letter from the President of the United States, which begins:

"I am glad to learn . . . of your plans to present in London, to the leaders of three faiths, the program adopted by the Christian Conference on War and Peace . . ."

The letter is addressed to Dr. Poling, who at this moment is in London talking with the leaders of three faiths. He goes on an extended tour to present the claims of Christ and the Church, at first in England, under the auspices of the British Ministry of Information, then under other auspices and in other cities of the world not yet announced.

Bearing credentials from *Christian Herald*, the Federal Council and the World's Christian Endeavor Union, Dr. Poling will be abroad for some months. The *Herald* will from time to time give its readers first-hand reports of things and men abroad, as his letters reach us. He will visit more than one battlefield, so his dispatches will be first-person accounts, direct to our readers.

No further word is available at this time of his son, Clark, reported missing in North Africa. Dr. Poling travels with a broken heart—and under command of a sense of duty to his country which even that great sorrow cannot overwhelm.

SACRIFICE: Over-confidence is the great American characteristic—and fault. We are the biggest, richest, strongest nation in the world. We can lick anybody, anywhere, anytime. One Yank can handle a dozen Japanese. We'll win. We can't miss!

That, dear reader, is over-confidence. And it will be fatal if we don't get rid of it, and soon. Rommel and the German sub should have blasted it out of our thinking, but evidently they haven't. There are still some people in this land of the rich and the strong who believe the war will win itself, with a little help from our Allies and a little American luck. That's as silly as saying the Americans won the last war.

Gradually, this will be pinched out of

our thinking; the pinch gets sharper, every day. Food is a matter of ration books, now, along with gas and oil and shoes. Tomorrow, there will be further rationing. The American standard of living will go *down*. We may not get down to the rationing levels of bleeding Russia and Britain; we may never have to work the long hours they work; we may never have to draft our women and children—but we cannot go on as we are and win this war! There is no reason why we should go on as we are.

By the end of the year, says the War Manpower Commission, men with children will be in the armed forces, in large numbers; every able-bodied man between 18 and 38 will be in uniform, except farm workers and irreplaceable men in essential industries. Many businesses will be ruined; many workers will be taking jobs at lower pay.

Aye, we will be pinched, harder and harder. *But this is better than the pinch of Axis chains!*

REJECTED: Three million men have been rejected for service in the U.S. armed forces. Figuring that we now have an armed force of 6,000,000, this is too



For Victory

Christian Herald, struggling with the manpower shortage and government rationing, is trying hard to get your copy to you on time. Each one of our clerks is doing the work of three, and we are still far behind in filling your orders and answering your letters. We appreciate your patience with us—and with Uncle Sam's delivery service. Transportation is the real bottle-neck now; the troop-trains and supply-trains move first, but . . .

It is all for Victory

high a proportion of our American manhood to be in such poor physical condition that it cannot stand the gaff of modern war.

The biggest single reason for rejection is mental. The rejection rate here is 62.95 per 1000; it includes insane and neurotics, and persons with unstable or erratic mentalities. Next come bad hearts, which reach 39.97 per 1000; hernia keeps out 29.14 per 1000; lowest of all is flat feet, which rejects 3.49 per 1000.

War calls for athletes—and we are not, by and large, an athletic nation. We have what amounts to an athletic class in the United States—a small group who excel. The colleges will have to accept some of the responsibility for that; they have too long based their athletic programs on eleven (paid?) huskies on the varsity football team, while the great bulk of their students have hardly a bowing acquaintance with the gym. Steps have been taken to remedy this, but they are slow steps.

It does not follow that athletic nations win wars. A nation of Britishers who were clerks and office-workers stopped a most athletic army at the Marne, in the last war, and an anything-but-athletic England and America and Russia will win this war. The human spirit wins! But when you have said that, it still remains that you always find a healthier human spirit in a healthy body.

We need more athletics in this country—athletics for the masses—to bring down that rejection rate and give us a healthier people to fight the battles of peace which lie just ahead.

POSTERS: Have you been studying the war posters of 1943? They are worthy of your close inspection.

Back in World War I, the posters seemed to have but one aim: to inspire hatred of our enemies. Not so today. There has been no Raemaekers for World War II, with his "Beast of Berlin" emphasis that used to drive little boys to throw eggs and rocks at his hideous caricatures of the Kaiser. Today, the

posters are urging us to hate not so much our enemies as what our enemies stand for. There's a difference. We saw one the other day bearing the caption, "Free World or Slave World?" Another, done in fine dignity, portrayed "The People on the March."

One gets the impression, too, that today's posters are better art than yesterday's. We're getting on. If we can make people hate low ideals and false gods and the brutality of the pagan impulse, we will stand a good chance to get something like a Christian peace and not another Versailles Treaty at the end of this conflict.

PEACE: The American public seems to be unimpressed by the cry, "Win the war and let the peace take care of itself." That is good. How are we to fight for a peace until we know what kind of a peace we want?

Two speeches interest us here. One is a Roosevelt speech, in which we read this: "And unless the peace that follows (the war) recognizes that the whole world is one neighborhood and does justice to the whole human race, the germs of another world war will remain as a constant threat to mankind." That is good!

But here is Secretary Knox, speaking at Springfield, Illinois: "We are not avid for more territory, but it would be wise to insist on complete control of a sufficient number of bases in the Pacific to prevent another war of aggression in the future."

That's a horse of a different color. Bases? Islands? Who's islands? Japan's? Established in a ring of military and naval bases around the world, can America then contribute much toward making the world one neighborhood, and do justice to the whole human race? Is this the same thing we had in mind at Versailles?

Certainly the aggressors should be so disarmed that they can never, never do this thing again. But *how* is that to be done? If we arm two or three powerful nations to the teeth and set them up as military police over the whole race, what guarantee have we that one or more of these nations will not in time become aggressors? Must it be done this way, or can we count upon the peaceful cooperation of all national governments?

Why not an international police force recruited from all nations—preferably from the smaller nations—and the total disarmament of the rest? William Howard Taft once had that idea, but nobody listened to it; a man named Culbertson is advocating it now. Frankly, we think it the best plan advocated anywhere, to date, to secure the principles for which we are fighting this global war.

COURIER'S CUES: The \$25,000 salary limit will be repealed by Congress, and rejected again over the President's veto if he vetoes it . . . Fuel oil rationing is



Burris Jenkins in the New York Journal-American
SELECTIVE SERVICE!

in for another tightening-up, soon . . . John L. Lewis will get a raise for his miners, but not two dollars a day . . . Labor men say now there will be no long-drawn-out coal strike . . . Sharper rationing of meat, butter, cheese is just ahead . . . Military men say the Axis strategy at the moment is to retreat to a shorter line in Russia, hold it, try for stalemate with Russia while they throw everything into Tunisia to "show up the U.S." . . . Edward Flynn of New York may be put into a government job not requiring advice and consent of the Senate . . . Washington expects a large Japanese attack on one of smaller U.S.-held islands in the Pacific, in search of lost face . . . Clothing stocks in this country can stand panic buying, but if it keeps up the government may be forced to ration all clothing . . . What do we need with so much clothing, anyway?

DIES: The Dies Committee will not die. It has, thanks to a 304-92 vote in the House, a two-year lease on life. So it goes on investigating subversive and un-American activities and people.

We may see a change in the general conduct of the Dies investigations, how-

ever. It is said around Washington that the House will watch critically every move of the Committee, and look sharper at the charges levied against individuals and institutions; the House may call for strict proof of all charges. We like that. Too many half-founded charges have been made, helter-skelter. It is no small thing to ruin a man's reputation, even though you can't ruin his character.

There is a feeling also on Capitol Hill that the loudest opponents of the Dies group will turn their attention to "anti-Administration" criticisms. Dies himself does not feel that this will happen. He calls for passage of a bill which would automatically dismiss any Federal employee "knowingly or carelessly" affiliated with any subversive organization. We don't like that one. Every man is entitled to his day in court.

Of course, the Dies Committee is not to be condemned wholesale. It has brought about much good, even if indirectly. It has led the President to appoint his own "Dies" committee, an inter-departmental group of five men to probe all charges against employees in the executive branch. And there is a resolution now pending calling for a five-

man committee (or sub-committee) of the Appropriations Committee to grant hearings to all government employees labelled "subversive" by the Dies Committee.

The Dies Committee should go on. And it should be watched, closely.

A B R O A D

BLITZ: Raw American troops have met and fought back a blitz in the desert. Rommel and his amazing Afrika Korps, as we write, are on the run, and it begins to look like a rout. But Rommel is The Fox. Anything can happen.

This blitz, at first, looked bad for the Americans. And why shouldn't it have looked bad? These were green, untried troops fighting the smartest veterans in the Axis household. The Germans and Italians have been waging desert-war for years; they would have been hard for anyone to handle. Ultimately, if the news despatches are correct, it took seasoned British veterans, pouring into the American ranks, to really stem the tide.

We can charge it all off to experience, and valuable experience at that. This initial defeat is a blessing in disguise. For one thing, it made the Yanks mad; when a soldier sees his own comrades being mowed down, anger rises, and you get a better fighter. It also had an invaluable effect in absolutely annihilating fear. An angry soldier, unafraid, is a great soldier. That's why the tide was turned.

We think this is Rommel's last attempt at an offensive in North Africa. He's through, there. Everything now points to a Germany fighting on the defensive in Europe. Indeed, this whole thrust of Rommel may have been deliberately a blind behind which to cover the withdrawal of Axis troops from Tunisia to Italy, where their position on the offensive would be much improved. In Tunis Rommel fought with his back to water, and that is always bad.

GANDHI: Mohandas K. Gandhi is still with us. Mr. Gandhi refused to come off his strike, and Mr. Churchill refused to turn Mr. Gandhi loose and . . . there you are.

No matter how you look at it, it's a deadlock between two viewpoints—Oriental and Oriental. To the Western mind, the British are perfectly justified in jailing Gandhi; to the Eastern, there is nothing just about it. To the Occidental, Gandhi had no right whatever to ask Mr. Churchill or the Viceroy to set him free; to the Oriental, Gandhi is the greatest man in India since Buddha, and hence he has the truth and the whole truth on his side, and the British have error and all the error on theirs. Impasse! East is East and West is West. . .

The saddest thing about all this is that

at the moment there is not one single gleam of hope, not one wild chance for understanding or compromise. The British dare not set Gandhi and India free now, with the Japanese at her borders; the Indians cannot let down in their fight with the British. Never, since Clive, has British prestige in India been as low as it is now. And never has India been so completely without native leaders who could take hold of the reins of the chariot of state and keep it in the middle of the road. There is no man in India big enough for the job.

Violence will certainly sear the land if Gandhi dies. Violence will certainly come if the British go on with their mailed-fist policy in India. Freedom will come to India down a stream of human blood. There is no other way, unless a great man comes soon.



ORRIE J. BRIGGS

... is a minister and a welder. Sundays he preaches at Pilgrim Holmes Church, Fort Wayne, and the rest of the week he handles a torch in the Fruehauf Trailer Company. On a recent Sunday he preached twice, worked an overtime shift at the plant. He calls it his "bit."

CHINA: This item would belong under home news, except for the fact that the heroine is Chinese. She is, specifically, Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek, who is still in this country rousing sympathy for China—and also trying to rouse a few arms and supplies for her husband's armies.

Last month, she sat at a press conference with Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt, when the conference started, placed a protective hand on Mrs. Chiang's arm, as though to protect the little lady. Mr. Roosevelt was smooth, diplomatic—the Old Master in international confab. Asked by a reporter how China would and could carry on, Mrs. Chiang replied that China would carry on as long as she got help from her Allies! (Mr. Roosevelt blinked, said nothing.) Later, the President suggested smoothly that the U.S. would send arms to China "as fast as the Lord would let us." To which the little lady replied that the Lord helped those who helped them-

selves. The President changed the subject; Mrs. Roosevelt dropped her protecting hand; Mrs. Chiang didn't seem to need it.

Mrs. Chiang's grace and spirit have captured America. So has her intelligence. Never again will we have any right to claim a Nordic corner on brains, after watching her. But let's remember that behind that grace and spirit is one of the most desperate needs in the world: the need of China. And back of the Roosevelt subtlety and smoothness is another desperate fact: the United States is being called upon to arm the whole world! That's a large order.

To China, in justice let it be said, has already gone considerable aid. Part of this aid arrived when the British, with American help, drove Rommel back from Suez and prevented a junction of the Germans and the Japanese behind China's back, on the shores of the Indian Ocean. American flyers have been in China for many moons; American material aid flowed first over the Burma Road, then through the air above the Road. Russia, too, has been helping China for more than two years.

But more help must go to Chungking, and Mrs. Chiang is quite justified in asking for it. China has earned the gratitude of the world; the world's cooperation should follow. The only question that bothers us is "How?" It is not easy; it is easier settled by our armchair strategists than by the men in the field.

SPAIN: Persistent rumors, refusing to die down, have it that there is a growing concentration of Nazi troops crossing France to the Spanish border. Some military experts say it is impossible; that Hitler simply has no troops to spare in a Spanish adventure. Others say it is Hitler's last desperate gamble. Time will tell.

If the Nazis could drive across Spain, cross the Strait of Gibraltar under an aerial umbrella and move into Spanish Morocco, the Allies in North Africa would find themselves in a bad position. This may be one reason for Rommel's drive in Tunisia. If he had succeeded instead of being turned, the Allies might have lost Tunisia completely, with that threat rolling up from Morocco.

Strategists are saying that the Allies are aware of all this—and that plans are afoot to beat Hitler to the punch with an Allied offensive on the Continent. If they can get a foothold there, Hitler will lose all interest in Spain, fast.

JAPAN: Every sign on the war horizon points to a new Japanese offensive—soon! It will come, we believe, in one of two directions: either at Chungking from occupied China, or against India from occupied Burma.

The Nipponese are reported to have an army of 100,000 Indians ready to march if and when they invade India. These Indians are ironically British trained;

they were recruited in Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Singapore. They hate Britain. They will be merciless.

On the other hand, Japan may not have what it takes in shipping or air power to stage a march through India. Lacking that power, she will strike at Chungking. Our guess now is that Chungking is the most probable goal, for the Japanese must consolidate their position in Asia before Hitler cracks. That cracking should come within a year; then Japan must be ready to fight off the day-and-night bombings from the Chinese mainland, promised her in plain language by the President of the United States.

Japan knows she is in for it when Hitler is liquidated; she also knows that the Allies then will never try to reach the gates of Tokyo by a series of hops across the islands of the Pacific. The approach will be made via the Asiatic mainland. Japan must get that mainland under her heel, or die.

BERLIN: There are signs of hysterical panic in Berlin. The Nazi leaders are falling all over themselves trying to explain the Russian shambles and to whip up German nerve for what's ahead. The crows of total war have come home to roost, and they are evil-looking birds.

Try as they will, the leaders cannot wipe out the impression among the masses that Hitler intends to sacrifice them on his totalitarian altar. Try as they will, they cannot convince the people that the Nazis are sincere in their promises to "revive the German middle class" at war's end; what the people want is a little security for the *German* class—and they are far from getting it.

Just how desperate they are is seen in the recent decree of Der Fuehrer which makes it possible to send Potsdam society women to dig trenches on the Dnieper line. That's pretty sad, for a race of supermen!

Desperate, too, is the revival of talk of "a stand along the Moltke Line." This line runs from Lake Peipus, in the North, by way of the Pripet Marshes and the Dnieper to Kherson and Odessa in the south. Note that the word used is "stand." And if they cannot stem the Red tide at the Moltke Line, they know they are lost.

Only one drive keeps Germany going now: desperation.

LONDON: When we promised argument in Britain over the Beveridge Plan, we didn't dream it would come so soon. It came last week. Conservatives in Parliament voted almost solidly against the measure.

The Plan is turning out to be a political football, which will doubtless be kicked around gingerly—and profitably—for a long time. That happens in a democracy—in any democracy. But to kick it around in the British democracy right now may be bad politics, for the people

are in a bad mood. They are not at all impressed by the parliamentary reception of Sir William's Plan. The speech of Sir John Anderson left them cold; it was a middle-of-the-road speech, open to interpretation in a thousand different directions. Diplomatic, perhaps, but cold comfort to a British public which has begun to realize that they will either start now achieving better living conditions, or lose them completely when the march back to normalcy begins after the war.

The people are tired of political promises, weary of seeing the politicians kick around footballs bought with public money and patience. They are going all-out in sacrifice in the war, and they want a substantial compensation for all that. Pie in the sky will not satisfy their hunger. What they want is freedom from



DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
86 years old last month

want—as per Churchill's promise in the Atlantic Charter.

If they don't get it—well, who can tell?

CHURCH NEWS

BIRTHDAY: The Grand Old Man of *Christian Herald* was eighty-six last month; we celebrated that here in New York, while Dr. Charles M. Sheldon himself celebrated in Topeka, Kansas.

Readers of this magazine will never forget him; he tops the roll of our most popular writers, year after year. Nor will the publishing world ever forget him. His amazing book, "In His Steps," has sold 30 million copies; it sold 30,000 in 1942! But even more important to the publishers than this sales record is the famous copyright question involved in the book. Dr. Sheldon wrote this before the days of air-tight copyright; being a minister and not a business man, he failed to secure the necessary copyright protection

for his manuscript—and the book was pirated all over the country and all over the world. He made nothing whatever out of it, but he never complained. He is that kind of man.

Recently, however, Grosset and Dunlap, publishers extraordinary, did the gentlemanly thing: they are now handling "In His Steps," in 50c and \$1.00 editions and they are paying the author a regular royalty. It is a splendid gesture, and we congratulate Grosset and Dunlap.

Have you read "In His Steps"? There is nothing quite like it in American letters. We can imagine no finer present for this man of God, in his eighty-seventh year, than the sale of another million copies. He has earned it!

FOOD: Forty-three leading Protestant clergymen have signed a statement calling for the immediate shipment of dried milk and vitamins to the children, expectant mothers and invalids of Europe. They claim that money is at hand to finance this, that a ship waits to sail with the precious cargo. All they need is the unconditional agreement of the Axis powers, to the effect that the Axis will see that this food goes where it is intended to go, and not into Axis countries.

The securing of such an agreement from Hitler and Company is quite a hurdle for the forty-three preachers to get over, but it may be possible. Hitler faces rebellion in occupied Europe, and he might be smart were he to let the food go through. Well-fed men make poor rebels; starvation is the goad.

Incidentally, the American Friends Service Committee have been working on just such a scheme for some time. The same two stumbling-blocks hold up the Friends: ships, and the Axis.

We will be gambling with a treacherous group of men when we accept the word of the Axis leaders—but perhaps the plight of the women and children under Hitler's heel makes it a gamble worth while. We would not lose more than a shipload or two of food, at any rate, before we found out whether the Axis meant it or not.

BIBLES FOR RAFTS: Sergeant John Bartek, the man who happened to have a Bible on Rickenbacker's raft, has said publicly that "Without the Bible we might have given up." Now, thanks to the American Bible Society, it will no longer be left to chance; at least on all merchant ships, every life-raft will be stocked in advance with Testaments carefully wrapped in waterproof containers.

Recently, also, the Society added to its list of publications specially bound Bibles for the various branches of the service, and one bears the insignia of the Merchant Marine. No such provision has ever been made before, for merchant seamen.

The Testaments-for-rafts are already available; 4,000 have been shipped, 20,000 are in preparation for shipment.

POPE: Will the Pope come to Brazil? We think not. Authoritative sources within the Roman Catholic Church say he will not. The Pope himself, last December, said he would refuse to leave Rome if the Eternal City were bombed.

It is being admitted, however, that the Pope may leave Rome if the bombers come; leave it for where is not specified. This, we think highly possible. It has happened before. Back in 1866, when Italy was threatened with revolution following the contemplated withdrawal of the Emperor of France from Italy, Pope Pius IX seriously considered the United States as a refuge.

But Pius XII, we believe, will stick to his post, whatever happens. He is not the fleeing kind. He would be in a rather desperate position, if the Nazis were to take Rome, and there are some in high places who look for that to happen. Monsignor Sheen has written: "I look for Hitler to invade Rome. I think he has that on his schedule. I think he will try to destroy St. Peter's..."

Well, if he does . . . then what?

ALIENS: Governor Adkins of Arkansas has signed a bill which bars Japanese and their descendants from owning titles to land in Arkansas. No exemption is provided for naturalized citizens.

Somehow, we don't like it. We may not know the local situation in Arkansas, but we do know that there is one horrible problem awaiting this country after the peace: it is the problem of dealing with the Japanese who live in this country. Not too many of them have yet been proved disloyal; to punish all of them indiscriminately is hardly American justice. We are asking for trouble, years in advance, when we pass laws like this.

Down in Nashville, the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship has just voted help for resettled Japanese-Americans. The Conference will investigate the possibility of setting up a hostel in some city for the purpose of relocating these Japanese-Americans.

That's better.

TEEN TOWN: Columbia, Missouri, is a university town. Alarmed by the increasing number of college and teenage young people visiting taverns—not to drink but to dance to juke-box music—the city council appropriated \$500 for a three-month experiment.

The project is "Teen Town"—a recreation center set up in the basement of an abandoned church loaned free by the state Methodist organization. Teen Town is run by a 14-year-old mayor and a group of teen-aged "councilmen." It is open every night in the week. (Sunday opening was approved by the Ministerial Alliance and Parent-Teachers, and the children themselves voted that there would be no dancing on that evening!) Juke-box music is free; soft drinks, potato chips and candy are sold.

Results? The average age of beer-

tavern habitues in Columbia has risen at least four years since Teen Town got under way. Do you have an abandoned church in your town, or a church basement that is not used enough? Why not a Teen Town? The children of your town might love it. This editor would have given a lot for such a church basement, when he was teen-aged. He grew up in a town that had two thousand people and seven Protestant churches—every one of which was locked up tighter than a tomb six nights a week. The preachers couldn't understand why the young people didn't come to church. . . !

DUTY: Right in the middle of the trial of a Negro on a robbery charge, one of the jurors stood up in the box and asked to be excused from further jury



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When all hope seemed lost for himself and his men, shipwrecked at sea, Captain Rickenbacker found comfort in the Bible. Here he is presented the Holy Book by Francis Carr Stifler, editorial and recording secretary, American Bible Society

duty because he could "no longer serve on this jury because I can't serve both God and Mammon." He had stated earlier that he shouldn't be called upon to serve on a jury because he was "a Jehovah's Witness and not of this world," and that he had consecrated his life to the Bible and religious work.

He went to jail for contempt of court, but that isn't what interests us. This is the first time in the history of the state (North Carolina) that anyone has refused jury duty on religious grounds, and it can very likely establish a precedent for other states. Trying as we are to do a little witnessing ourselves, we wonder just what sort of a country we would have, what sort of a world, if everyone did this at the same time!

HERE AND THERE: Dayton (Ohio) Federation of Churches is asking for a 10 p.m. curfew for children up to 12; we like it . . . Conscientious objectors are serving as attendants at the New Hampshire State Hospital; we like that, too . . . The *Lutheran Chaplain*, in an editorial, calls for the banning of "Elmer Gantry" from every USO library in the country; we never liked Elmer, but is this the way to get rid of him?

TEMPERANCE

REPORTS: Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon-General of the U. S. Public Health Service, reports: "In 1939, in the Regular U. S. Army (pre-mobilization), the syphilis rate was 14 per 1000. The gonorrhea rate was 27.7. Since that time the Army's ranks have been swollen by almost 2,000,000 new men, an almost eight-fold increase. Mind you, all the new men were free of venereal sickness. For a short while, because of this vast dilution, the venereal disease rate had to go down. But, alas, it did not stay down. Now . . . the gonorrhea rate has shot up from 27.7 to 40.3. And the syphilis rate is rapidly climbing back up to the pre-mobilization rate, though no tainted ones were taken in with the draft."

And if you are tempted to inquire "How come?" read this, from the report of the National Advisory Police Committee on Social Protection, headed by Mr. Charles P. Taft: "A high percentage of infections to the armed forces have been traced to girls in their early teens. Motivated by a misguided sense of patriotism, they have been found in some sections giving themselves freely to men in uniform. Within a short time they will become infected and transmit venereal disease to others. These girls usually frequent dance halls, amusement parks and *cheap beer joints*." (Italics ours. Quoted from the *New York Times* for Dec. 27, 1942.)

Two and two still make four. Cheap beer halls plus misguided youth equals—trouble!

MARCH: Word leaks out that the Distilled Spirits Institute is worried about the march back toward prohibition. And no wonder! The Tennessee Supreme Court has ruled that it is unlawful to sell beer in Tennessee on Sunday; South Carolina's Supreme Court has upheld ordinances banning the sale of beer on Sundays in the cities of Greenville and Spartanburg; church and institutional leaders in Kentucky have forced the Kentucky Alcohol Beverage Control Board to deny a license in the area around Louisville where the churchmen entertain 10,000 soldiers every week-end; Ohio pastors are calling for a ban on all liquor advertising for the duration; Rhode Island is barring the sale of liquor to the general public on Mondays throughout the state; Indiana's General Assembly is considering a local option bill; the North Carolina Legislature is arguing a liquor referendum bill; there were 31 local option elections in this country in 1942; before those elections were held, there were three dry and 28 wet counties involved; after the elections, there were 15 dry and 16 wet counties.

So it seems that some progress is being made after all.

Third floor back...

• It's 4 p.m. on a quiet street.

A slip of a girl, with a suitcase a little too heavy for her, climbs the brownstone steps and rings the bell.

Her heart is bearing fast, but it's not from the weight of the suitcase.

She's wondering what it will be like, in a furnished room, so far from home.

She's hoping she'll make good at her new job.

She's thinking that maybe now she understands a little bit of what Tom must have felt when he said goodbye and left for camp.

But she's not going back till it's over.

Millions of men and women today are finding themselves in strange surroundings—in situations they couldn't have imagined a few years ago. They are giving up their pleasures and comforts—and often much more—to bring future good to the whole world. And they don't mind—too much—because it will be worth it.

Industry, too, has put aside for the duration its never-ending job of supplying those pleasures and comforts which have helped to make life fuller and better in

America than anywhere else in the world. Industry is working today with strange new materials, toward grimmer goals—but working with the same ingenuity and skill, organization and experience, initiative and resourcefulness. For these things are as much a part of American industry as they are of Americans.

And because they are, we have not found today's production task, big as it is, too big. Because they are, we shall not find tomorrow's challenge, great as it will be, too great. With new materials like plastics, new sciences like electronics, offering hope and fuller opportunity; but with the old American ingenuity and courage and enterprise—we shall face the task of building a better world. General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress.

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CHRISTIAN Herald



APRIL 1943

HOW SHALL WE FIGHT THE LIQUOR PROBLEM?

AT THE masthead of *Christian Herald* for more than a decade has stood this declaration: "To support temperance, that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved." How far short of making temperance universal or of solving the liquor problem we are is indicated by the startling rise in the nation's per capita consumption of alcoholic drinks, by the increasingly blatant advertising policy of liquor dealers in all classifications, and by the rising controversy over treatment of the liquor problem in the armed services. The recent report on drinking among service men, issued by the Office of War Information, augmented rather than silenced the fears of the American people who believe in the nation's defenders and who resent the expressed purpose of certain interests to exploit the uniform for selfish gain.

Already the Dominion of Canada has severely restricted liquor sales and completely prohibited liquor advertising for the duration of the war. The sales reductions are as follows: beer, 10 percent; wine, 20 percent; and whisky 30 percent.

With the promise that these restrictions are to be increased, Prime Minister, the Right Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, in a nation-wide broadcast last December, said, "Since the outbreak of the war there has been in our country (Canada) a steady increase in the consumption of spirits, wine and beer . . . Regardless of what one's attitude toward prohibition may be, temperance is something against which at a time of war, no reasonable protest can be made. . . . The lowering of efficiency, due to the use of alcoholic beverages, is certain to slow down the progress of the recruit in training."

Writing in the *Emporia Gazette*, William Allen White expresses the concern of millions of Americans when he says: "No one can ride the trains these days . . . no one can go to any camp and see the encircling line of vicious resorts . . . and still deny that there is a soldier's liquor problem. Is there any way we can find wisdom to fight the war and at the same time protect from their own youthful inexperience those who are to fight and die in the war?"

The *Brewer's Journal* of July 18, 1942, has one answer: "Right now there is a big demand for beer for the service camps and for shipment to the armed forces that are on foreign soil. This has been a big help to many breweries in the bolstering of their sales." Earlier, in May 1941, the same magazine made a statement that contained these significant words: "The opportunity presented to the brewing industry is obvious. . . . Here is a chance for brewers to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the largest beer-consumption in our population." Yes. These are answers to Mr. White's question from one section of the "trade." Now we know how some Americans look upon the man in uniform. He is their "opportunity!"

Did you give your son to his country for that?

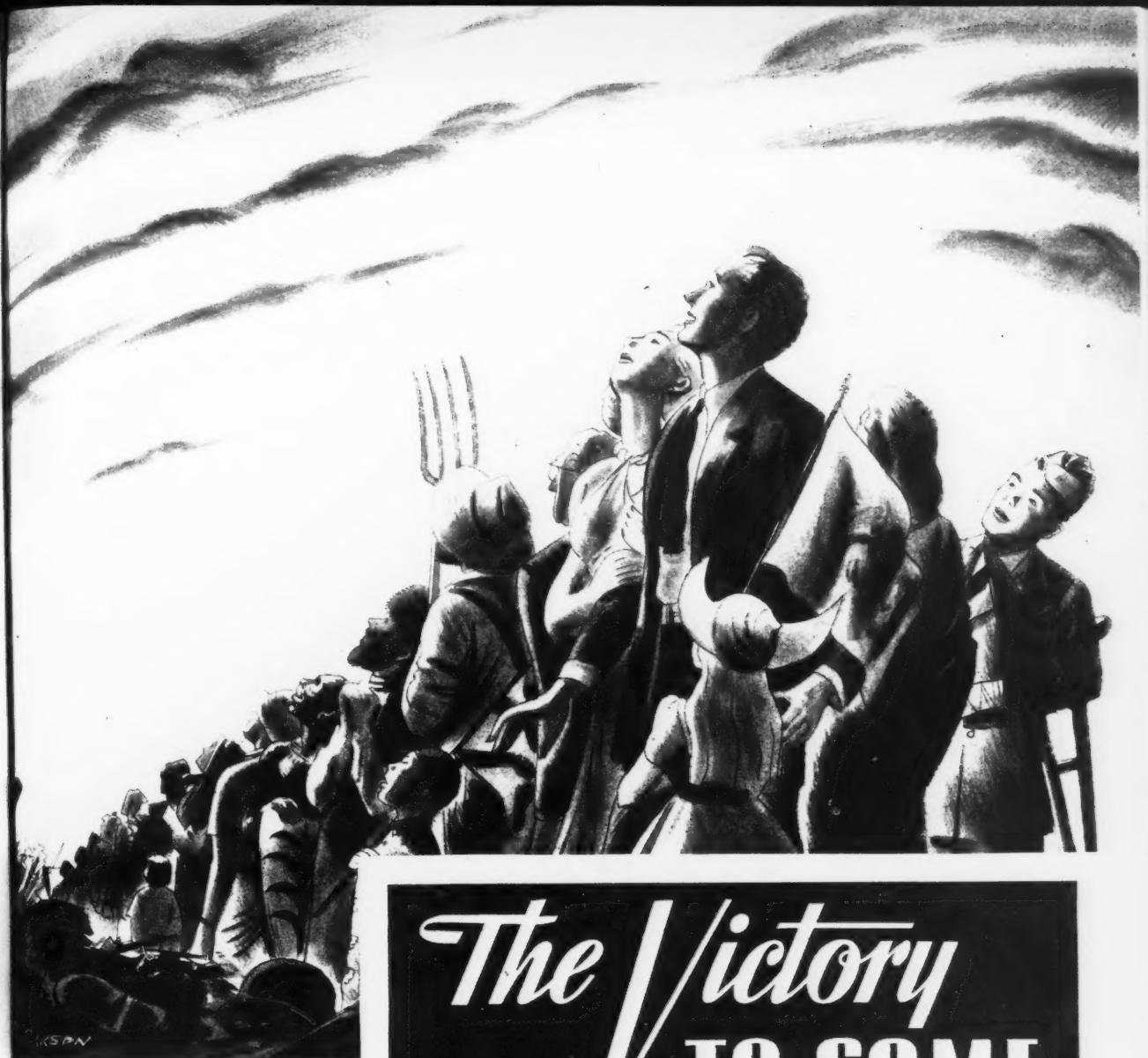
Not another business in America, not another traffic or institution sanctioned by government, would be guilty of public statements so base. Well, what are going to do about it? That "we" is an editorial we for *Christian Herald*—but the question is also addressed to *you*. What do *you* think should be the next step taken, the next campaign launched to help make "temperance universal" and to help solve the liquor problem? What plan do you as a member of *Christian Herald's* family and readership (and there are now more than twelve hundred and fifty thousand of you!) think this journal should present and support?

Christian Herald this year is conducting a symposium expressing the convictions of some of the nation's most distinguished and respected citizens who have studied the liquor problem, who know its sinister implications and who have something to say about what they believe to be wise efforts to mitigate liquor evils and to control or eradicate its legal traffic. Not all of these contributors are of one mind. Not all are Prohibitionists or believe in wartime Prohibition. Several who were once Prohibitionists state frankly that they are no longer Prohibitionists. They hold that "new occasions teach new duties."

Certainly not all of these writers express the opinions of *Christian Herald*. But each contributor is a person of experience and integrity, and worthy of our respectful attention. *Christian Herald* has invited them to speak with utmost frankness and invites *you* to speak in like manner, that you may share with the editors of *Christian Herald* the high privilege as well as grave responsibility of our next

(Continued on page 46)





The Victory TO COME

By GEORGE STEWART

Author of "The Resurrection in Our Street"

N THE midst of the horrendous present, when the hearts of millions almost fail them for fear, there is only one undamaged figure to whom they may go. We may go to the Son of God. He went through the ultimate experience through which all flesh and all nations and institutions must go.

Once at Oberammergau I sat next to a Moroccan soldier from the French Occupation Forces at Mainz. On his cheeks and forehead were strange cabalistic marks. His red fez gleamed among the sober tweeds of the rest of us. I wondered what went on in his black head as he

watched the drama of what the white race did with the Saviour of the world. He was a Moslem, but his eyes never left the stage.

As the crucifixion scene unfolded, a great storm swept down from the Alps. The darkened pageant was lit fitfully by flashes from the sky. It was all strangely real. One could almost hear the blood dripping upon the stones, anguished muscles wet with rain strained against the wood, the voices of the thieves came to us amid the crashing thunder. This poor Moroccan soldier, caught up in one of the world's great wars among Christian people, was seeing for the first time the great act of God through Jesus for the saving of the world. When men see in the Cross the result of sin, they are shamed, educated and persuaded. My

swarthy-skinned companion looked into my face at the close of the mighty drama, with tears streaming down his cheeks, spoke a few words in French, and passed out into the rainy dusk. Now he understood the meaning of the Cross.

Today on every front men and women of thirty nations are locked in ferocious strife; the inventive genius of a century is enlisted for mutual suicide—in jungles, in frozen wastes, on every sea, men are dying hourly. Treasure in stupendous quantities is being sent by torpedoes to the ocean floor. All these lesser sons and daughters of God, caught up for the moment like Simon of Cyrene, are thrust beneath the cross which is laid upon millions of innocent, obedient people. Is it true that, without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins? Will we at

last see the result of sin, deceit, greed, aggression, pride, selfishness, or are we caught in an onrushing doom, whereby we rear children only to destroy them?

But even the Cross was not the limit of Jesus' character, His human worth, or His divine value. When Peter and Thomas on the Emmaus road confided that they hoped that Jesus had been He Who should redeem Israel, they were confessing a hope that was having a paradoxical fulfillment, although they did not know it at the moment. There was an empty tomb—but far more important, there was a living Christ. God, and nature and man joined together to say: "This life shall never die, nor shall any lives which partake of His nature and spirit, or any of our hopes and dreams of a better day."

Jesus captures us at Christmastime as a little child. The fragrance of the hay, the gentle beasts, the mother with her secret, the helpless Joseph, the Magi and the shepherds—no heart is so dull that it does not feel the truth, the splendor and the beauty of all this. He holds our minds to gravest self-scrutiny and commitment as He hangs aloft against the night. But His power, His sufferings, His persuasive force and His divine mission does not end at this. He is with us still as the living Christ to vindicate our hopes and our faith, and never more so than in our darkest hours.

Down below the surface of the phantasmagoria of this war, there is an ultimate struggle going forward between two philosophies of life involving every economic, political, cultural and spiritual concept. On our side is a concept of freedom and respect for the individual, the result of Christian teaching, whose best political, indirect expression has been liberal democracy in several forms; and on the enemy's side is a concept of life under one, or a few men, who are making a head-on battle against every intellectual, emotional, moral and spiritual gain of a millennium. It is either we or they. Deep beneath this world war a cold, ultimate examination is taking place, a cosmic laboratory experiment, testing our worthiness to survive.

In the midst of this final ordeal wherein in our every resource is being weighed and analyzed, where instead of test tubes over Bunsen burners we are burning cities, sinking ships and measuring worker against worker, tool against tool, gun against gun, fighter against fighter, ship against ship and faith against faith, men and women are thinking all over again the thoughts people had when Jesus went down to what seemed final disaster. "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Others equally puzzled are praying, "I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!" Still others, holding in a numb fashion to their faith, cry out in the midst of tortured nights, "Who shall roll away the stone from in front of the sepulchre?"

This last is a poignant question. It is

addressed to every historian, every teacher, every minister and priest, every befriendeer of his kind.

Our generation cannot deny that Golgotha has come—but it behaves as if Easter Day had never happened. We are in the mood of an everlasting Good Friday; suffering has been endured, but we are slow to claim the victory. It is possible to be heroic, it is harder to have insight. It is possible now to wage war against disease and ignorance and other enemies; it is difficult to win a clean triumph. We live in a generation which has borne intense suffering, but we find it hard to utilize the pain and woe.

The two Marys stood before the tomb wherein Jesus had been laid. Within the sepulchre lay the answer to their hopes, their labor of love, their sacrifice. If the stone were rolled away they would know for a certainty whether Jesus were there dead and the fair promise of His life ended, or whether He was risen and had



PASTORAL

A winding river—a sky of blue;
Hills displaying a brighter hue;
Rippling brooks—birds that sing—
Everything, everywhere, breathes of Spring.
Flowers that bloom in the clean pure air;
Verdant pastures extend, and there
Sheep graze again on fresh green sod—
Everything, everywhere whispers—"God."

—Mildred lone Proctor



triumphed over hatred and prejudice and gross unkindness. They had seen the wide hospitality of His mind, not brilliant or clever, but solid, simple, great, true, open to all shades of opinion; they had seen the breadth of His love, embracing publicans and outcasts, and even two dying thieves. They knew the capacities for sacrifice which He showed in enduring the cross, that He might reveal to men a love that never faileth. They had loved Jesus for what He was to them in perfect friendship. It was natural that on Easter morning a group should bring spices and flowers to the grave. They were sorrowful, and naturally somewhat doubting.

There had been self-denial and renunciation, there had been no lack of disinterested love in their Friend. These comrades had seen Jesus tried before Herod and Pilate. They had been present when He died for His ideal. They had seen His peace of mind and His period of utter desolation and solitude. But their work and their pain and their adherence to a high cause seemed to be sterile of any spiritual fruitage. Their problem was, as it is today, how to utilize sacrifice, how to

employ pain, willingly suffered, how to make His followers aware that Christian experience is not complete at Golgotha, but on Easter Day. They were seeking a means to address the sorrow of the world, a method by which to implement love for the salvation of men and of society. Suffering and anguish are not an end, but a means to reconcile men to God. The Christian life is not concluded in a grave but in a psalm of joy. Its end is not in mourning but in festival. But this was not clear on that first Easter morning, when Jesus' closest friends had come to bring spices and to weep at His grave.

Above the disillusionment of today, one fact remains clear: that as gross and as terrible as man can be—and at his worst he is the most ferocious of all animals—yet he does have within himself capacities for willing sacrifice that place him in a category apart from the brutes.

How shall we make all this sacrifice available for the healing of our soul's disease, for the redemption of peoples from war, prejudice, famine, bigotry, disease, ignorance, and the other shackles that bind mankind? Who shall roll away the stone from the sepulchre which holds our dream, our faith, our pain and our death?

In a period when we are readjusting our thinking we sometimes look upon the disasters through which we fairly wade and whisper to ourselves, "Is it all in vain?" Romain Rolland, the distinguished French writer, remarked, "The pain of these victories could not be soothed by the gross appeal of a foolish racial supremacy nor by a fragment of ground fought for between states. They knew how much earth a man needs to die on, and that the blood of all races is part of the same stream of life."

An old man is saying to a young one, "We do not love sorrow, and we all want happiness, but if sorrow must come, at least let it be of some use! Do not let your sufferings add to those of others. You must not give way. You are taught in the army that when the order to advance is once given in a battle it is more dangerous to fall back than to go on; so do not look back. Leave your ruins behind you, and march on toward the new world."

As he spoke, the eyes of his young auditor seemed to say, "Tell me more, more yet, even more than hopes. Give me certainties, tell of the victory which will come soon."

Our times are seeing a great outpouring of life. People want to know of the victory which will come, which will come soon. Who can bring the victory, who can utilize the sacrifices already made, who can roll away the stone?

History itself is like a great rock before the door of our hopes and dreams and faith. Who shall roll away the stone from before the door of the sepulchre of international honor, personal faith, family harmony and civic usefulness?

(Continued on page 67)



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THIS is the second of a series of statements on the liquor question written for *Christian Herald* by twelve leaders of American life and thought. This month's statement comes from the pen of

Mrs. John L. Whitehurst

AS PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, SHE SPEAKS FOR TWO MILLION WOMEN

Leadership

They speak for TEMPERANCE

MY GREAT INTEREST in sponsoring a program for temperance education is not based on my desire to deny people an alcoholic beverage if they desire it; it is due to the deleterious effect of excessive drinking on the social and physical life of our people.

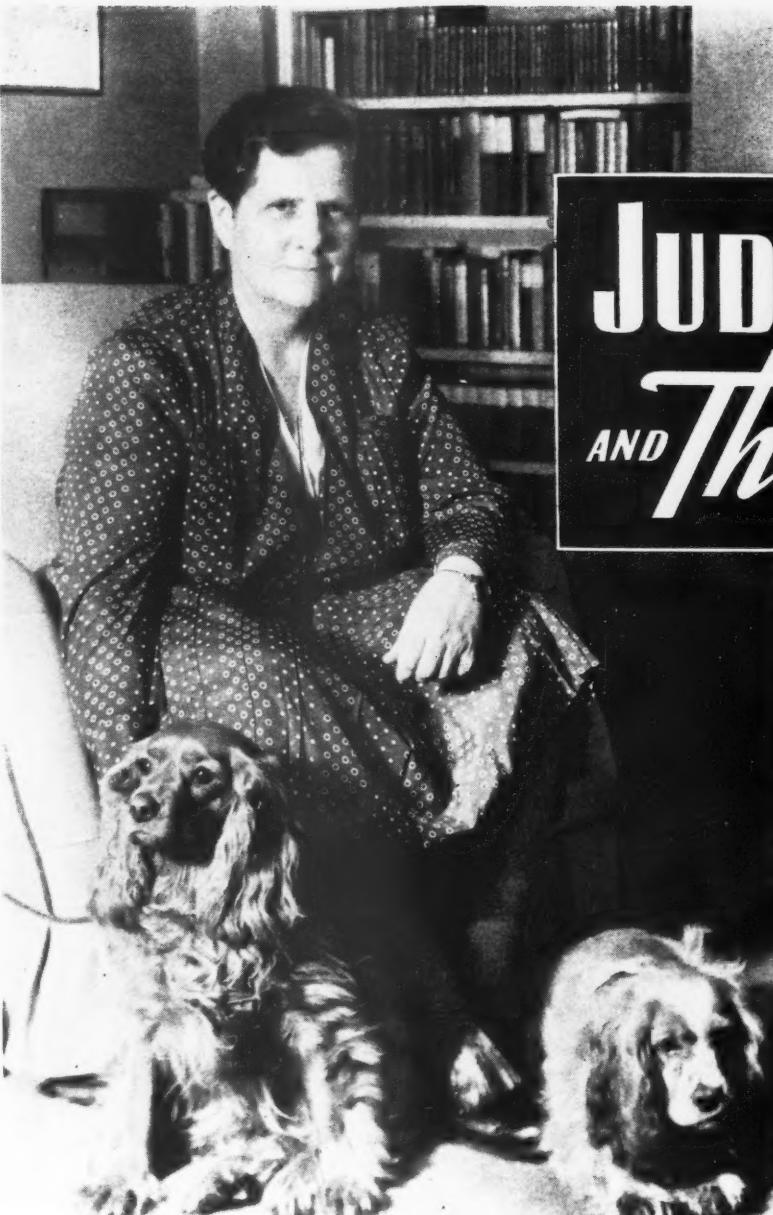
Today venereal disease is on the upgrade, particularly among those in the armed forces. It is my belief that such disease could be more readily controlled if the sale of alcoholic beverages were restricted.

In traveling about the country, I have found hundreds of men and women drinking incessantly. This leads to vice and disease.

The cry that alcoholic beverages are restricted around Army camps hardly tells the whole story. The boys do not drink in or around camps. They go to the nearest cities or towns outside the restricted areas.

Young men who would not drink to excess in their own communities do so when away from home, particularly when they are on leave and in places where no control is exercised.

Temperance education should be a part of every elementary and secondary school curriculum.



JUDGE ALLEN AND *The Peace*

By
Janet
Mabie

of course, are saying that there can never be a woman justice in that court, but certainly that would be incongruous in the whole picture of women in a democracy. In any event, if a woman is appointed within Judge Allen's lifetime she will be that woman. Not only is she the only woman legally qualified, but, in point of judiciary experience, when you remember the stupendous part being played in the war effort by the great power projects such as those in the Columbia, Colorado and Tennessee river areas, it is significant that the intensely important TVA decision, pronounced by experts "one of the really fine decisions on the books of jurisprudence" was written by Judge Allen.

A federal judge now, in the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth District, she is a wonderful example of the fact that children can begin training for citizenship at a very tender age indeed —provided they have parents who will take the trouble to help them. Judge Allen had that kind of parents.

Her father, Clarence Emir Allen, was called the "father of the free public school system of Utah." His wife, daughter of a principal of Grand River Institute, Corinne Marie Tuckerman Allen, was also an outstanding personality; president of the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs, which she helped organize; a conspicuous contributor to civic progress in the state; the kind of person, by temperament and vision, who found a way to adapt two years of school-methods study in Germany to the establishment of a far-seeing parent-teacher organization in her home state.

Judge Allen was born in Salt Lake

"WHAT DOETH THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE,
BUT TO DO JUSTLY, TO LOVE MERCY AND
TO WALK HUMBLY WITH GOD?" MICAH 6:8

IT'S a familiar phrase, by now, that companion-phrase to "winning the war" which is "winning the peace." I was walking along the river with the dog, thinking about it; what is meant by it, really; what it implies in constructiveness for the post-war period. And as I walked along, bits kept coming back to me out of the conversations I had had with Judge Florence Allen, bits having to do with justice and equality and the freedom we describe as "the American way of life." I remembered her saying "Liberty can't be caged into a charter, to be handed on ready-made to the

next generation. It has to be re-created by each generation, in and for its own time." That, I thought, will be a good thing to keep in mind when it comes time to win a people's peace, in a people's democracy.

Let me tell you some things about Judge Allen; they indicate a typical Americanism which is good to remember in any thinking about the winning of a peace after the winning of a war.

In passing, let me say that there are those who hold that she may, some fine day, be appointed to the bench of the United States Supreme Court. Others,

City in 1884, into a family where individuality was not only admired but encouraged. There were three brothers and three sisters, and each was encouraged to advocate his or her own independent views; hence all of them grew up with a deep sense of the worth of individual freedom. The Allen young fry had a childhood which was happy in proportion to the splendid liveliness of the household. The father never failed to keep before his children the *adventure* as well as the important responsibility of acquiring civic knowledge and giving it expression. "That's really why I'm in the law," says Judge Allen. "My father put our roots down so firmly in the philosophy of the well-being of the social group that in time the Law seemed to me one of the very best tools with which to promote better living-together."

When she speaks of her childhood life she speaks of it as the typical life

his daughter Florence—aged four, remember—reciting the Greek alphabet.

The household was bursting with pride. Father Allen might have been expected to be bowled over. Nothing of the kind. As if the four-year-olds of every family in America naturally were able to recite the Greek alphabet, he simply said, "Thank you. I have never been given a more agreeable birthday present."

When Esther was 11, Helen 10 and Florence seven, Mr. Allen decided they need wait no longer to study Latin. When he requested the principal of Salt Lake Academy to admit them to the beginners' Latin class, the principal said fretfully that there was such a thing as carrying a joke too far. Mr. Allen removed all doubt that any joke was involved, and they were admitted. Every evening, with his daughters around the student lamp, their father saw to it that

from Western Reserve in 1904 and her A.M. in 1908, but she spent the years 1904-06 in Berlin, studying music, and acting as Berlin correspondent for the *Musical Courier*. Then the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* made her its music editor. She branched out, giving musical lectures which she illustrated at the piano. She liked it and she had musical talent and but for the unruly nerve would probably never have turned to the law. On the other hand, the vision of social progress her father so constantly kept before his children would certainly have found some precise individual expression.

She had to fight her way into the law. Western Reserve had been generous with high honors along with her A.B.—but it wouldn't think of enrolling her in its law courses! Nor would several other schools which had nothing against her personally. "A woman—studying law? The very ideal!" cried the deans in alarm. Finally she was able to register at Chicago University, where she had a year, moving on to New York University, where they actually gave her an LL.B. in 1913. She still couldn't quite pry herself away from music; for three years after 1910 she lectured on music for the New York Board of Education. In 1914 she went back to Cleveland to practice law.

She became, swiftly, assistant county prosecutor of Cuyahoga County and judge of the Court of Common Pleas—the first woman in the U.S. to mount the bench in a court of general jurisdiction. Three years later she was elected to the Supreme Court of Ohio and in 1934, shattering all precedent, President Roosevelt appointed her to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

She doesn't fit the popular picture of the stern judge; her photographs make her look about 100 percent fiercer than she looks in real life. In repose her expression is serious, but she smiles often, and quickly, and it is a smile full of warmth and love of people. When she is off the bench she could be your Aunt Florence, or mine. She says she neither cooks nor sews nor shops, "for the simple reason that I don't have the time nor the energy, any more than men judges have."

People are often curious about how it fell to her lot not only to sit in the TVA case but to write the decision. In a three-judge case, which the TVA was, the court is composed of one Circuit and two District judges. The presiding judge of the Sixth Circuit at that time, Judge Moorman, designated Judge Allen to preside. "Normally," she says, "I wouldn't have been designated at all, because I was the junior judge in the court. But, as it happened, one judge was disqualified from sitting, and another was seriously ill, so I got it." Not that she didn't have to study up on the vast engineering problems involved in the evidence: "Every night we would get at least one

(Continued on page 64)



© WIDE WORLD

Judge Florence Allen was the presiding justice of the three-judge tribunal that heard the arguments in the suits of 18 private power companies against the Tennessee Valley Power Authority at Chattanooga, Tenn. Left of Judge Allen: Judge John Gore and right, Judge John Martin

of an average, happy American family. But certainly its intellectual pitch was somewhat out of the ordinary. Mr. Allen often read aloud in the original Greek and Latin. When his daughter Florence was four, the children thought up a fine birthday present for their father. When the day came, Mr. Allen was ceremoniously ushered to a special chair in front of a curtain hung between the dining room and a bedroom. After mysterious whisperings and shufflings behind the curtain it was pulled aside to reveal Helen Allen, handsomely dressed in an old silk dress of her mother's and Florence, in her Sunday best, sitting demurely at Helen's knee. An impressive pause and then Father Allen was given his birthday present—a recitation by

they did thoroughly the work of the classes they had so pessimistically been allowed to enter. At the end of the year Esther (now Dean of Women at Ohio State) led the class, with Helen and Florence close behind. As a reward, Father Allen—ever a just man—gave them, collectively, the first bicycle for girls ever shown in a Salt Lake City store window.

If a nerve in her arm had not abruptly cracked, Florence Allen might never have become a lawyer; she would have remained a concert pianist. Along with their other tastes the Allens were a musical family, with Esther doing the arrangements for the frequent living-room concerts of chamber music for piano, cello and violin. Florence took her A.B.



Decorations by
BERTRAND ZADIG

The Curious CENTURION

THE SUN was climbing over the city as Cornelius finished dressing. He was not a young man, but he was magnificent in the uniform of a centurion. He had that proud bearing of officers who discipline themselves as well as the men under their command. To some this was misleading, for among the common soldiers he was reputed to be a commander unusually just and considerate.

Throughout the night Cornelius had neither slept nor gone to bed. He had been preparing for the duties of today in a manner which would have been regarded as most peculiar for an officer in the Roman army. Orders had come into the office during the previous afternoon; reading them, Cornelius had realized that this day would be a most significant one for him. After dinner he had told his wife what lay ahead. It was a great shock to her, but she understood. She had not wept and her kiss remained a benediction through the long hours of the night. He had spent those hours in prayer and in recalling the years since the memorable night when his life had been so unexpectedly changed.

A good many years had passed since that night. He was a young man then, newly commissioned as a centurion and stationed at Jerusalem as an officer attached to the command of Pontius Pilate, the governor of Judea. Pilate himself had come up to the city, for it was the Jewish festival week and the governor was expected to be present. Policing the province of Judea was always difficult; indeed, no territory in the vast empire was more turbulent than this small but rich homeland of a fanatically religious people. Festival times were especially troublesome, for then the city was crowded with zealots and radicals from the country districts. So Cornelius anticipated trouble.

At least one dangerous individual who had arrived four days earlier from Galilee was known to be in the city, and he had created a commotion at the North Gate, which he entered sitting upon a donkey, the ancient symbol of royalty. Evidently the man had a following, for various persons in the crowd shouted a welcome to "The Blessed One who comes in the name of the Lord." The following day this man caused a small riot in the Temple when he overturned the tables of some money-changers and thrashed two of them. It was not a Roman responsibility to keep order in the Temple, but Cornelius heard of the incident and prepared for trouble. Then, early in the evening of that day, orders came to arrest the fellow. The arrest was absurdly easy. With several soldiers

he proceeded to a garden just outside the city where the man was hiding with his followers. He took along a renegade member of the gang to point out the leader. The leader made no attempt to escape; in fact, he seemed to be expecting them.

One of the followers had a sword; obviously he did not know how to use it, for he swung it through the air, and succeeded only in cutting off a man's ear. Cornelius felt inclined to laugh until the leader of the group quietly picked up the ear and stuck it back on the howling victim. Cornelius thought that was a queer power. The man must be a magician. But what was more significant to him was the revelation that the prisoner was a weak, effeminate fellow who wouldn't even fight for his own liberty. That night, walking home, Cornelius thought contemptuously of the man who had been arrested.

THE NEXT morning he was ordered to take the prisoner to Pilate. The Jewish priests had cross-examined him all night but were unable to get a confession. Pilate was a Roman. He would make short work of condemnation. Surprisingly, though, the governor was greatly impressed with the man and even tried to get him released. Finally, however, the prisoner was given to the soldiers to be whipped. They strapped him to a post and the swish of the reeds whistled through the air. But the fellow neither screamed with pain nor cursed his tormentors and the centurion began to be puzzled. Then the soldiers made a crown of thorns and pressed it down into his head. For the first time in his life Cornelius sat on one side and took no part in the brutal sport. He was thinking; he swore when the soldiers offered him the honor of crowning the self-styled king of the Jews.

At last the heavy beam of the cross was brought out. It was the custom to compel a prisoner to carry this, and to



The centurion was worried, for when a man dies with God in his mind and on his lips, his faith must be something far more real than superstition

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flog him whenever he fell. This prisoner was not a particularly strong man and had already taken a fearful punishment. But he hoisted the beam upon his shoulders and staggered through the aisle of the crowd. Evidently the man was not such a weakling; at least, he was game enough to try. After a while the man fell, whereupon Cornelius did a strange thing. He wrenched the whip from a soldier's upraised arm and commanded a husky spectator to carry the burden.

THUS THE PROCESSION reached the summit of the hill. Several soldiers grasped the condemned man and tore off his clothing. Then they stretched him on the cross and the long nails were driven through his hands and feet. With its occupant securely fixed, the cross was lifted up and dropped into a deep hole.

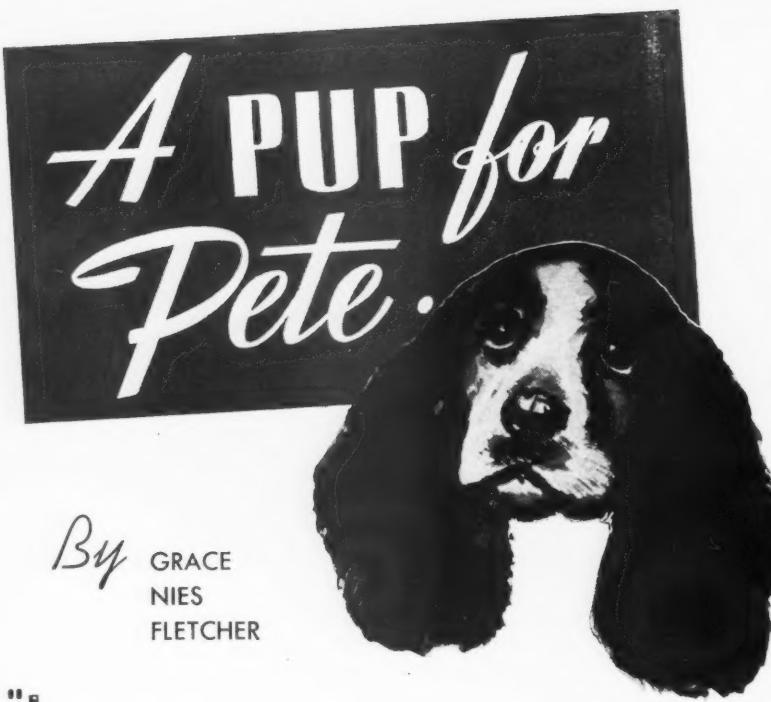
While Cornelius was eating lunch, he reflected that there was something peculiar about the situation. He could not understand what it was until it dawned upon him that the man on the cross was not cursing. One of the thieves who was also being crucified was blaspheming with all the power of his lungs, but this man was strikingly silent. An hour passed. The man suddenly started to speak in a strange language. Cornelius asked a spectator to translate. "He is asking God to forgive," was the answer. Forgive, forgive—that was an original request from a man who was being crucified. Evidently this Nazarene was the opposite of a weakling. His principles might be strange but he was faithful to them even in agony.

The Roman walked over to the cross and looked searchingly up into the pain-twisted face. The man upon the cross looked down and smiled at Cornelius. In spite of himself Cornelius smiled back into those tragically understanding eyes. Then he hurried away, cursing under his breath. He was a Roman officer, whose duty certainly was not to make friends with a dying criminal. After a while the man cried out, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and his head fell forward. The poor centurion was worried; for when a man dies with God in his mind and on his lips, his faith must be something far more real than superstition. A little later one of the soldiers drove a spear into the man's side. Blood and water poured out, revealing that the prisoner had died of a broken heart. This meant that the man's spiritual agony had been greater than his physical pain, yet not once had he cursed or complained.

THEY BURIED the body and at the insistence of the Jews, sealed the tomb. Cornelius had a perplexed and tormented look when he entered the house for supper. His temper was not good during the next two days while superintending the watch beside the tomb. Something about the place fascinated him so that he could not stay away. He even slept there with the guard, though that was not part of his duty. Early on the third morning he was lying in troubled sleep when a rumbling noise woke him. The ground trembled and the great stone door of the tomb rolled aside. Something dazzling and white moved inside the tomb. It came toward the entrance, came toward him. He fell to the ground, screaming in fear and cried, "Magic, magic, this man was a god."

The Jewish priests heard his hysterical tale. They looked startled but gave him money to keep quiet. He took the money, for he wanted to get drunk and forget. But Cornelius could not forget.

Years passed and he was transferred to Caesarea, the beautiful seaport city which Herod the Great had built. But the memory of that day remained and a longing to understand grew in his bewildered spirit. One night, as he stood watch on the fortress wall, he surrendered to this growing desire, and prayed to the unknown god whom that man had called Father. He felt peaceful afterwards, so it became his practice to pray when he took the night watch. One day he told his wife of this habit. She did not laugh at him but confessed to a similar longing. They began to pray together (*Continued on page 62*)



"**F**YOU ASK ME," I snapped, "that pup's name is Trouble! Jim Brainerd may be chairman of the parsonage committee, but he needn't think we're running a zoo here! I don't want a dog to take care of."

I dived back into the hall closet I was cleaning because the committee was coming next Tuesday to inspect the parsonage. It was enough to make anyone jittery, knowing every scratch on the parsonage furniture would be written up in the secretary's minutes and someone would be sure to say, "I see the John Wesley teapot's cracked. O well, accidents will happen . . ." Accidents. I took another look at the pup. "What is he?"

Ham—Reverend Hamilton Smith, his name reads on the bulletin board in front of our church—coughed. "Well," he began doubtfully. "Look at Pete, dear."

"Here, Trouble! Here, Trouble!" Pete was calling. His blue eyes were big as saucers and his voice shook. When you're four and have never had a dog before. . . . "He's comin', Pop!" Pete whispered. The pup had flattened his black, sausage-like body against the floor, and the white tip of his unraveled tail was wagging furiously as he crept closer, closer. . . .

"He kissed me, Pop!" Pete gasped. "He's my dog!"

Well, my goodness, what could you do after that? I said, "All I hope is, he doesn't chase Sweetheart. Remember, Sophrony's on the parsonage committee, too."

Sophrony Hucklemeier was a member of our church who lived only five backyards away from us. She was a widow who lived in a huge house all alone except for a big yellow cat named Sweet-

heart. Sophrony thought as much of that cat as most people do of a child; it had its own brush and comb and drank pasteurized milk. Thinking of Sweetheart reminded me of what I'd heard yesterday at Ladies' Aid about Jim and Sophrony.

"He isn't stopping there to see her any more," I told Ham under my breath so Pete wouldn't hear. But I needn't have bothered for he and Trouble were rolling over and over on the rug, oblivious of anyone else. Everyone had thought Jim Brainerd and Sophrony Hucklemeier would make a match of it. "Pete," I said, "if you keep that pup, you'll have to take care of him yourself. Half the time I have to feed your white rats."

"Trouble's mine!" Pete said fiercely. "I'll take care of him."

He did, too. It worried me a little the way Pete accepted Trouble from the very beginning as if he had been another child. Pete set up an orange crate for a house in our backyard and the two of them took turns sitting inside. He saved bits from all his meals for Trouble and once I even found the two of them under the dining-room table sharing a dog biscuit! But as Ham said, when he read the ingredients printed on the front of the dog biscuit box, it couldn't hurt either of them.

The only time Trouble made a bad fuss was when we took Pete away and he had to stay behind and then you could hear him howl for blocks. He'd be crouched by the back gate when we drove in again and he and Pete would rush at each other as if they'd been separated for centuries instead of maybe a half an hour. Pete would say, "Here, Trouble, nice Trouble," and Trouble would make a little

welcoming sound in his throat that wasn't a bark or growl but a kind of language between the two of them. . . .

He was smart too, that pesky pup. Pete taught him to fetch one of the white rats without hurting the little animal. He was doing that one morning in the backyard with Pete ordering, "Bring it here, boy," when Jim Brainerd came in the back way and stood there watching.

"Good work," Jim said and reached down and patted Trouble. "Maybe he's got a spot of retriever in him too," Jim said hopefully. Well, I told Jim, as I came out into the backyard, if Trouble didn't have any retriever, it was the only thing missing. "He barks, doesn't he?" Jim grinned.

He's six-feet-two with a sense of humor that sticks out all over him; it's a comfort to have someone on the parsonage committee you can joke with. I said, "Jim, we've got to have a new mattress in the front room. The old one has mumps—heavens, what's the matter, Trouble?" He was barking furiously and making little rushes at the fence and when we looked up a big yellow cat was up there, sneering down at him.

"It's Sweetheart. Get out of here, you . . ." What Jim didn't say was more eloquent than words, for his voice had risen to an angry bellow. Sweetheart got, fast, and Jim said to me apologetically, "Excuse me, Susan. But that cat gets my goat. How Sophrony can let it sit up at the table with her . . . it isn't decent!"

So that was the trouble between him and Sophrony, I thought, watching Jim petting Trouble with his big hand. Well, if she preferred a cat to a big jolly fellow like Jim, it was her own business. "I just stopped by," Jim went on, "to ask you if two o'clock tomorrow would be all right for the parsonage committee to drop by?"

"Fine," I told him. Would Sophrony come too to inspect the parsonage? I wondered, as Jim went away. Likely she would. Even if she and Jim weren't speaking, as some said, she wouldn't miss seeing how many cups we had cracked. I sighed.

We got off to a bad start the next day. "Hm, canned spaghetti, again," Ham said when we sat down to an early lunch because the committee was coming and Ham had to go to Newton to marry a couple of people. Ham said he didn't see why I had to make all this fuss, cleaning, every year. Did I expect Sophrony to get under the sink?

I was tired, I guess. "She can, if she wants to," I snapped. "It's clean. And I might as well tell you, Ham, there's some things I just have to ask them for, even if money is tight. The front bedroom mattress has mumps on both sides, and the dining-room curtains are nearly all darn. And if the committee jibes at that, I'll take a tea kettle. Ours leaks so it nearly puts out the gas. . . . Pete, how many times have I told you not to feed Trouble at table?"



He saved bits from all his meals for Trouble and once I even found the two of them under the dining-room table sharing a dog biscuit!

"Put him down cellar, Son," Ham ordered. "Now."

"C'mon, Trouble," Pete ordered gloomily, and I was listening to the two of them thumping down the cellar stairs and thinking contritely that I hadn't any right to take out my tiredness on Pete, when he and Trouble burst into excited yelps. "Pop!" Pete yelled upstairs. "The mama rat is got babies!"

Ham and I adjourned hastily to the cellar where the mama rat was sniffing proudly at six blessed events. Trouble was as excited as the rest of us and it was only when Ham looked at his watch that he realized that if he didn't step on it, he'd be late for the wedding in Newton. He tore upstairs and pretty soon we heard the car come to the front door for him. I was just coming back upstairs to do the lunch dishes, 15 minutes later, when the phone rang.

It was Ham, and he was fit to be tied. He'd forgotten the wedding license! The groom had brought it over to him last night, he told me in a hoarse whisper into the phone, and in his rush, he'd forgotten it. Wouldn't I just hop into the jallopy, he begged, and run it over?

"But I can't," I wailed. "The parsonage committee is due any minute now and I can't leave Pete alone."

"He isn't alone. Trouble's a good watch dog," Ham said. "Pete could let the committee in and tell 'em you'll be back in a few minutes. . . . Look, Susan, there's fifty people waiting here for that wedding to begin and if the groom finds out I muffed it. . . ."

"All right," I told him. "I'm coming."

There wasn't a moment to lose. I dashed up to the study, grabbed the license and, on the way down, my hat, broadcasting directions to Pete as I ran.

"You and Trouble watch for the committee," I told him, "but don't open the door to anyone till you see Uncle Jim Brainerd. Tell the committee they can go anywhere they like . . . and oh, Pete, do be polite, won't you?"

"Yup," Pete said.

I'd never left him alone before for even half an hour, but someone had to let the committee in. I worried all the way out and back from Newton . . . funny, isn't it how you can imagine all the catastrophes that can happen except the one that does? . . . and when I drew up at our doorstep half an hour later and saw Pete and Trouble sitting there, as placid as butter, it was almost an anti-climax, I'd killed them both so many horrible ways in my mind.

"Are you all right?" I rushed up the walk, anxiously. "Didn't the committee come?"



"Yup. 'N they went," Pete said. "But don't worry, Mom. I telled 'em what you wanted. I said, 'Her wants a mattress. And if her can't get that outer you, her wants dining-room curtains. 'N if her can't get *that*, her'll take a tea kettle!'"

"Pete, you didn't!" I sank down, weak beside him on the front step, while he went on telling how he and Trouble had been "perfick gennulmen."

"I sayed, take off your hats, 'n then I showed 'em the baby rats," Pete explained. "'N Trouble didn't mean to bite Sophrony, honest. She just kinda got her hand in the way. . . ."

Oh glory. If Trouble really had bitten Sophrony! I rushed to the telephone to see if I could get Jim and find out what had happened. He chuckled when he heard my frantic voice over the wire. "Sure, the pup bit her," Jim said. "She yelled blue murder when Pete showed her the rats and Trouble must have thought, when she shoved Pete away, she was hurting him. Any watch dog worth his salt would have nipped her."

"I suppose you know that by lew she can make us get rid of Trouble if she wants to?" I told him. Oh dear, I shouldn't have said that where Pete could hear. He was standing behind me and he began to howl and Trouble to bark in sympathy and I didn't feel so jolly myself.

Jim stopped laughing then all right. He said, "Stop your offspring's caterwauling, Susan. I'll go right over and take Sophrony to a doctor so she won't have any comeback."

Of all the parish, I wondered bitterly, why did Trouble have to pick on the most cat-minded one to bite? Why didn't Ham come back so he could go over and apologize? I kept going to the window looking for Ham with Pete and Trouble pacing after me, until we made such a funny procession I had to laugh.

But it didn't turn out to be such a laughing matter. Ham went to see Sophrony as soon as he got gack and changed from his best preacher's coat. He came home half an hour later looking funny and saying that Sophrony had a bandage on up to her elbow and said she felt faint so Jim was still there and she was feeding him apple pie. Oh dear. I knew it was all over with Jim then but the shouting, for Sophrony's apple pies were famous; people fought for them at church suppers. I had a hunch right then it was all over too with poor Trouble. She'd get him out of Sweetheart's way if she could.

I was right, too.

I was in the kitchen getting supper and Pete and Trouble were up in the nursery when I heard Ham answer the 'phone and say, "Yes, Jim?" I stiffened, listening, and pretty soon Ham said doubtfully, "Well if the parsonage committee really feels Trouble is dangerous, I suppose. . . . A farm in the country? Yes, I suppose Pete could visit him. But you know how he feels about the pup. All right. We'll go out and look at the place tomorrow, if you insist."

"They want to take away my Trouble!" Pete stood there at the top of the stairs, very white, looking down at us. "They can't. He's mine. If . . . if they try to touch him, I'll . . . I'll kill 'em!"

He rushed back into his room and slammed the door and then we could hear him calling, "Here, Trouble, lie down, Sir!" and then deep quiet. Was he crying? What had we better do? Ham went up the stairs three at a time and I waited for him, sitting in the living room, my hands clenched. I knew perfectly well that if Sophrony had got Jim around to her way of thinking, she'd never rest until she got rid of Trouble. Because it was more than the question of a pup, really, it was all the relationship between her and Jim. Once she had him under her thumb. . . . I stopped thinking for I heard Ham coming slowly back down the stairs.

When Ham came into the living room, his face looked queer. I said, "Is . . . is Pete all right?"

"He told me not to worry," Ham said and his voice was queer too. "He said he had talked to the Lord about it, and everything was going to be all right. (Continued on page 48)

"Sure, the pup bit her," Jim said. "Any watch dog worth his salt would have nipped her."



CONVICT'S WIFE

By David Wesley Soper

AS MINISTER and the son of a minister I have known many unique Christian characters. I can sit down any evening and bring readily to mind a round dozen whose outstanding and proven qualities of reverent faith and holy charity, mountain peaks in my memory, summon me to heroic consecration. I suppose it is this rich heritage which the educational experts have in mind when they speak of the parsonage as a superior school of culture.

Yet, all these splendid saints and their stimulating witness notwithstanding, recently I was brought face to face with an uneducated, underprivileged, un-Christian woman whose difficult and uncomplaining loyalty challenges me to the depths of my being, and makes trial of all my convictions. In the course of my life I have heard and said much about godly charity, the second mile, divine out-reaching compassion. It was all true. Yet from this woman and her natural human affection, I have gained a new perception of the dimensions of that love which, if genuine, is greater than the natural.

My summer vacation was employed

in a preaching tour among Army Chapels in Kentucky and Florida. While at Fort Myers on Southern Florida's west coast, I arranged to preach at a Convict Camp, where no Christian service had been held for nearly a year. Already that Sunday I had addressed three congregations of Army Bombardiers and Air Gunners, two of whom were leaving the following week for England. I may have taken a measure of pride in a full day's work for the Kingdom; I spoke five times that Sabbath, each time drenched with perspiration in the southern summer heat.

The service at the Convict Camp had been scheduled for 4:15 P.M., to follow the Sunday visiting hours, and I arrived a few minutes early. While I waited, two groups of visitors were making their farewells. One family chatted pleasantly with a youth of twenty who had just escaped the electric chair; at the last minute his sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment. In a drunken fight at a roadside bar, a companion had broken a liquor jug over the youth's head. Confused by drunkenness, dazed by the blow, and angered beyond reason, the youth had seized a gun and

killed his assailant. Similar serious stories and crimes were behind all fifty young men at the Camp.

The second group of visitors particularly drew my attention. A young convict father and husband was fondly bidding his wife and family goodbye. There were two very young children, and the mother, small, slender, poorly dressed, with a large baby in her arms. Two young men and a young woman were also in the group. The convict father gave his family a few instructions, kissed the children and the baby, then disappeared within the Camp. I thought no more about the stricken family, and completed available arrangements for the service.

Presently the Superintendent called me. "Everything is ready, sir," he said. "I have been around collecting the boys. I made them all put on their shirts."

Nearly fifty prisoners were gathered in the Mess Hall, looking uncomfortable in their formal dress. I told them to remove their shirts if they wished, and with one accord they did so, grinning their gratitude. With a little encouragement, mine would have come off too. Without further delay I launched into the service, leading such songs, known to the boys, as "In The Garden" and "The Old Rugged Cross," without hymnals or piano. At the close the young men shouted their pleasure and their hearty invitation to return.

It was around five o'clock when I drove away from the Camp. I had traversed a mile or so of the four and a half mile return journey, when I saw the second family of visitors, the lonely mother with babe in arms, weary children, and grown friends, walking slowly at the side of the road. A cluster of shacks was visible a short distance ahead, and I took it for granted the family was almost home. There were six of them altogether, and there were two of us already in our coupe. I rode past them, thinking very little of their plight.

At seven in the evening I drove to the bus station to meet my father, returning from his afternoon preaching service at Estero, further down the coast. As I turned the corner into a central avenue, I saw the small family, just reaching the city from their long hike, still weary, and slowly, trudging along. The children, underweight, were hungry and dirty and tired, and on the verge of loud complaint. The mother with infant in arms, her face set in lines of exhaustion and inner humiliation, still moved painfully forward. The grown friends were

(Continued on page 49)



When one thinks of spirituals, one immediately thinks of Harry T. Burleigh. Here the arranger of "Deep River" is shown at work in his study

By

E. SINCLAIR HERTELL

TOWERING over New York's Stuyvesant Square, whose four-acre park was one of the city's most fashionable spots a century ago, stands the brownstone edifice of St. George's Episcopal Church. The ivy-covered structure, a strange medley of French Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance, looks rather staid to the eye. But its appearance is the only conservative thing about St. George's; for years it has carried on what is probably the most extensive so-

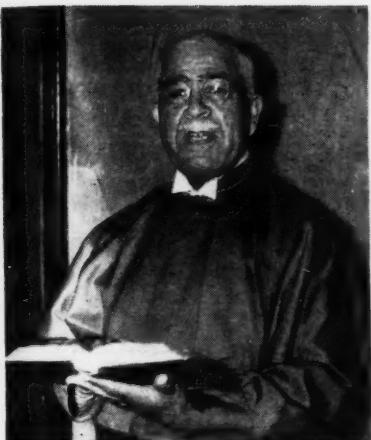
cial service work sponsored by any church in this country. Its teaching of the Christian religion has been liberal, and at the holy table in its sanctuary all Christians have ever been welcome. And finally, though its parishioners include many wealthy and prominent New Yorkers—it used to be called "Morgan's church" when the late great financier was its senior warden—the baritone soloist in its large choir has been, for almost half a century, a splendid Christian Negro: Harry Thacker Burleigh.

Mr. Burleigh, soon to celebrate his golden jubilee with St. George's choir, is one of New York's traditions. There are

hundreds of people who simply could not imagine a Palm Sunday without going to St. George's either in the morning or in the afternoon to hear him sing "The Palms." There are other hundreds who look forward each May to the annual service of Negro spirituals which has been given at this church for the past 19 years. From it, many other churches in this country have learned of the spiritual beauty of these songs and they, too, have introduced them into their musical programs.

"Many people think I should have the praise which this annual service of spirituals always brings forth," says Mr.

Foster-father of the SPIRITUAL



Mr. Burleigh, shown here in his choral robe, will soon celebrate 50 years with the choir of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York



Mr. Burleigh is very proud of these men in the service, for one is his son, the other his grandson. Left to right: his son, Major Alston Waters Burleigh; Mr. Burleigh; his grandson, Harry T. Burleigh II

Burleigh. "But that is not so. The honor belongs to our organist and choir-master, George W. Kemmer. He had a vision and he has made that vision come true. He saw the deep spiritual message in these spirituals, and he wanted to use them in the church. You know, for many years spirituals were considered something of a joke. They were 'fit only for the minstrel stage.' That was a false idea. Mr. Kemmer saw that they belonged to God, and he has done more than anyone else to take them away from the minstrel stage and put them into the sanctuary where they rightly belong as the truly devotional music of a deeply religious people."

Despite the truth of this, there is no gainsaying the fact that when one thinks of spirituals he immediately thinks of Harry T. Burleigh. This, of course, is perfectly natural, for he is the man who first arranged the Negro spirituals so the white man could sing them! The list of them runs well over 50. Three of them—"Deep River," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," and "Go Down Moses"—are known and loved all over

the world wherever spirituals are sung. Incidentally, "Deep River" was one of Mr. Burleigh's first arrangements. It is still his favorite.

Mr. Burleigh was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, 76 years ago. His grandfather, Hamilton Waters, was a Maryland slave. Blindness made Waters not only useless to his master, but an expense as well. So he was set free. Canada seemed to the freed man to offer a safe haven, and he and his wife set out for that country. They got as far as Michigan when they had to stop, for the wife gave birth to a child. Canada seemed too far to go, so they retraced their steps until they came to Erie, a picturesque town on the shores of the lake of the same name. The blind father found work pressing men's clothing, and also acting as the town crier.

The daughter, who had been born in Michigan, developed quickly, mentally.

gave him plenty of practice, but also afforded him a good training in church music.

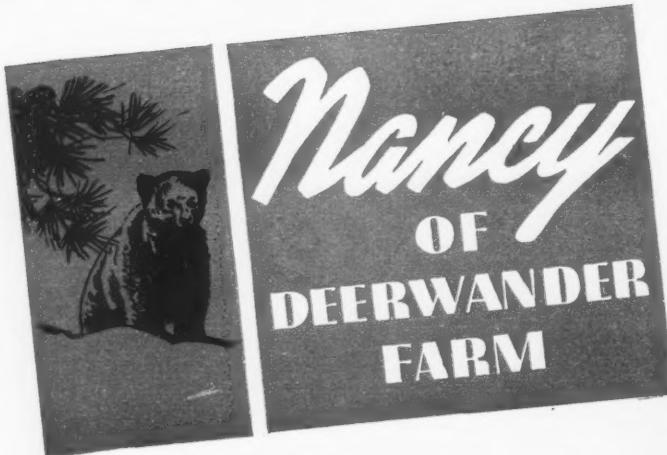
The real musical opportunity however, came when Burleigh was 26. At that time he obtained a coveted scholarship in the National Conservatory of Music in New York. He didn't really expect to get the scholarship, but it turned out that the conservatory's registrar was a Mrs. MacDowell, whom Burleigh had heard in one of the concerts in the Erie home when he tended the door. She remembered him and saw to it that he received the scholarship.

Then began four years of study, voice training and great pleasure. The director of the institution at the time was the famous Bohemian composer Antonin Dvorak. One day he happened to hear Mr. Burleigh singing a Negro spiritual. That was a new kind of music to the great European master. He called the singer in, asked him what he was singing, and when he found out, he asked to hear more of them. The result was that Mr. Burleigh sang these spirituals literally by the hour, while Dvorak listened with intense interest and keen enjoyment. One of them, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," made a deep impression on him, and he incorporated a part of it, note for note, into his celebrated "New World Symphony." It is the second theme of the first movement, first given out by the flutes.

"All sorts of stories have been circulated about my connection with this symphony," Mr. Burleigh says. "Some of them even claim that I helped Dvorak write it." This always amuses Mr. Burleigh, who considers it the height of absurdity. "All I did was to sing spirituals to Dvorak, and it just happened that he liked one of them so much that he worked it into his masterpiece."

A milestone in the young baritone's life came when he was chosen from 60 candidates as baritone soloist at St. George's Church. He recalls how he had to sing for a committee, for the rector, and also for Pierpont Morgan, the financier, who was the parish's senior warden. "That's the voice we want," Mr. Morgan said, and that clinched the matter. Ever afterwards the financier was a great admirer of Mr. Burleigh and his singing. He always invited him to the Morgan home on Christmas Eve to sing at the Morgan Christmas tree, and once when Mr. Burleigh was making a European concert tour, it was Mr. Morgan who arranged for the singer to give a special concert for King Edward VII.

Besides his concert work, his singing at St. George's and 25 years as baritone soloist at New York's Temple Emanuel, Mr. Burleigh has won some fame also as a composer of songs and festival anthems. He has written more than 200 of these. Many of them are perennial favorites in churches. One of his secular compositions became famous, indeed. This is "Little (Continued on page 47)



[PART FOUR]

By AGNES BARDEN DUSTEN

Synopsis Nancy Hartwell, 16, a New England orphan, helps her old Uncle Nathan save his farm from land-grabber Joel Mead. She goes to live on Deerwander Farm with her sisters, Lynneth, 12, and Penny, 4. Petulant, self-centered Elva, Uncle Nathan's orphan granddaughter, also lives with them. Nancy meets Jerry Mead, Joel's fine son, and they become good friends. Jerry convinces his mother that she should buy an old secretary from the farm, thus helping Nancy and Uncle Nathan to buy a flock of young turkeys. Jane Hollis, a celebrated pianist, visiting Ann Crosby, Meadville teacher, is a surprise accompanist for Nancy's flute solo at the annual school concert. Now go on with the story.

ONE morning in September, after Elva had returned to school, Jerry stuck his head in at the kitchen door while the family were at breakfast. "Here's that birch bark I promised you, Linnet. How's everything going? All ready for the Big Day?"

"Oh, thank you, Jerry. They're beautiful sheets," Lynnie acknowledged gratefully. "I couldn't find any half so smooth and white. I can make lovely boxes out of these."

"You'll have to get a hustle on, then. What you been doing all summer?" teased Jerry. "Here it is county-fair time tomorrow, and that herb exhibit of yours not ready yet! I don't know what to say!"

"Stop bothering the child," Uncle Nathan good-naturedly admonished the boy, "if you had worked as hard as that little girl has this fall, you'd be captain of your football team, which you aren't."

"Jeddy, you come and see my squash," Penny commanded, slipping down from her highchair. "You haven't seen it for two days and it's drinked heaps of milk."

"Your squash will take a prize or I'm a duck," declared Jerry, as led by Penny, he and Uncle Nathan stood beside the mammoth vegetable in the garden. Jerry had, weeks before, cut off the vine a few feet beyond the solitary squash it bore and immersed the severed end in a

pan of sweet milk, which Penny had kept replenished day and night since. The result was the enormous squash which Penny was to exhibit at the fair. Penny was living for her assured day of triumph.

Ann Crosby's mud-splashed car drove into the yard at that moment.

"Your flowers are lovely," Ann said, as Nancy and Lynnie hastened to meet her. She was admiring the round bed Jerry had so carefully planted in the springtime. All summer it had been a tapestry of color.

"Nancy, I really don't think I ought to take time to go to school today," Lynnie appealed earnestly. "There's so much yet to be done and this exhibit is so important. Don't these look just perfect, Teacher?"

On the wide piazza table were arranged ten narrow pine boxes, which Uncle Nathan had made to fit kitchen windowsills and Lynnie had painted in soft colors. In each box the little girl had set six thrifty young herb plants from her garden, their delicate green foliage a pleasing contrast to the gay little boxes.

"There's a plant each of parsley,



"Your window boxes are very pretty, my dear," a plump gray-haired woman said kindly

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

thyme, sage, savoury, chives and basil in most every box. In some, though, I put tarragon, marjoram and cress."

"Good. I'll take two boxes if there's any left after tomorrow," Ann promised.

"I want to make some more bark boxes to hold the crystallized mint leaves Nancy helped me make," Lynnie said. "We dipped the fresh leaves in beaten egg whites and then we coated them with granulated sugar; and dried them on wax paper. Aren't they good? They're used in tea rooms. And will you come and see how many of the dried herbs should go in a packet?"



Up in the garret, Ann cut a square of the transparent paper she had brought and tied into it a measure of dried savoury leaves with a red ribbon.

"So much for the culinary herbs," Ann said, perking up the ends of the parcel like rabbit ears. "There's a spool of differently colored ribbon for each herb, so you can tell them apart. And I'd tie the mixture of sweet-scented herbs for sachets in flat packets with the lavender ribbon. Now I must run along."

"I'm going to remember all my life how good you've been to help me and give me things," Lynnie declared with such solemn intensity that Ann and Nancy, looking at the flushed, eager little

face and shining blue eyes, said nothing at all as they descended the garret stairs.

"I didn't suppose she'd ever go through with it, she's so timid," said Nancy, proud of her sister's quiet courage.

"Lynnie has plenty of determination, I've noticed, when her mind is made up," Ann said. "It would be the best thing in the world for her if this little venture were successful. It would give her more self-confidence. I'll be over with the car early tomorrow morning to take her and the precious exhibit to the fair—if she doesn't fly into bits with excited importance before then."

Up in the warm, scented garret Lynnie was measuring out the dried leaves with

careful fingers. "Thyme is for courage, sage for life and immortality, the book says, and rosemary for remembrance. I don't care," she declared abruptly, "if you're so afraid you shake all to pieces, you're going to do it!"

It was some weeks before, that Lynnie had read in *The Weekly Herald* about the county fair held each year on the fairgrounds near Hillston; and her imagination was at once intrigued by the accounts of all the wonders of the exhibits. Among other inducements for a fine display was a prize of ten dollars offered for the most unique plant exhibit. Breathlessly at first, and then with growing determination, Lynnie had formed a plan

for showing some of her beloved herbs.

The little plot Jerry had made had grown into an interesting herb garden, and tending her seedlings and dividing her plants had become Lynnie's absorbing pastime. Ann Crosby had encouraged the hobby by securing literature from which Lynnie learned the history and legends of her favorites and of their care. And when Lynnie announced her desire to exhibit her herbs in Floral Hall the family, though secretly amazed at her courage in undertaking such a venture, hastened to make suggestions and give what help they were able.

The following morning Lynnie was awake with the birds, eagerly anticipating her adventure; and quite positive in her own mind that no exhibit at the county fair would surpass her own in interest and usefulness.

There was a lively bustle all through the old brown house in getting breakfast over, and work done in preparation for the holiday. Ann came early, as she had promised, and everyone helped to pack Lynnie and her things into the car, where she sat on the back seat, surrounded by boxes and parcels, her cheeks pink with excitement. Uncle Nathan, Nancy and Penny were to follow at a slower pace, behind old Charlie, Penny's celebrated squash riding in all its proud immensity in the back of the wagon.

That was such a day for Lynnie! It was a delightful ride, for Ann drove swiftly down the mountain road and along the turnpike that led to Hillston, passing countless teams and cars loaded with smiling folks, in their best clothes, on their way to the fair.

It was more exciting than ever when they had passed the entrance gates and Lynnie caught glimpses of the Midway between rows of buildings and tents, with flags flying, peddlers crying their wares, and a crowd of good-natured people jostling one another, playing games of skill or chance amid shouts of laughter.

There were wonderful sights to Lynnie on every hand, but Ann said, "Business before pleasure," and drove at once to the rear door of a long, low building of weathered boarding, which to Lynnie looked little like her dream of Floral Hall. However, it was much better inside, with counters and shelves stacked with preserves and flowers. Many colorful quilts were hung in rows, and there were countless other specimens of women's art work.

Ann secured the end of a counter near the open door; and there established Lynnie and her exhibit and went away to park her car.

It proved a long and trying day for the little mountain girl, who, for the most part, stayed quietly in her corner, sitting primly erect on her high stool behind her counter. Shyly she answered questions from kindly women who were attracted by the serious little lady and her unusual display.

In the afternoon, the judging committee entered the Hall and Lynnie waited breathlessly as exhibits were examined and prize badges distributed. Her counter was reached at last, and the little girl sat as still as a frightened mouse, not daring to raise her eyes, until a man's hearty voice boomed.

"Say, girls, look a-here! A corner in grandma's attic to the life! Tell us about it, little sister."

"Your window boxes are very pretty, my dear," a plump, gray-haired woman said kindly.

"The *Herald* said any kind of plants, so I brought some of all my garden." Lynnie forgot her shyness in the interest shown in the smiling faces before her, and answered questions in a clear little voice that showed no trace of faltering until she choked on "Thank you" when a blue badge was thumb-tacked to a gay window box. With a genial, "Good work, little sister. Shows initiative," the big man led his followers across the aisle.

The rest of the afternoon passed like a happy dream to Lynnie. Nancy was never far away. Penny, having been rescued a dozen times from imminent peril to life and limb, ran in once to shout with satisfaction, "My squash didn't have any kind of a ribbon pinned on it, but Jerry stuck a flag on top and it looks better'n anybody's."

It was the third and last day of the fair and many of the flower exhibits were wilted and forlorn, so Lynnie's fresh plants looked very attractive in contrast. Folks came, visited, and carried away so much of her store that little was left to put in the car at sundown.

The little girl's face was rapturous as she rode home in the gathering dusk on the front seat beside Ann, her small red purse quite plump with nickels and dimes and the folded prize bill.

"Nancy, I wish you would wash out these few things," Elva asked her cousin the Saturday morning after the fair. She dumped an armful of school clothes on the kitchen table. "I can iron them after I come back."

"I don't see how I can," said Nancy, "with the bread and these pies to bake, and the sweeping and dinner to get, I simply haven't the time."

"Have Lyn in to help. That girl doesn't do half enough to pay for her keep."

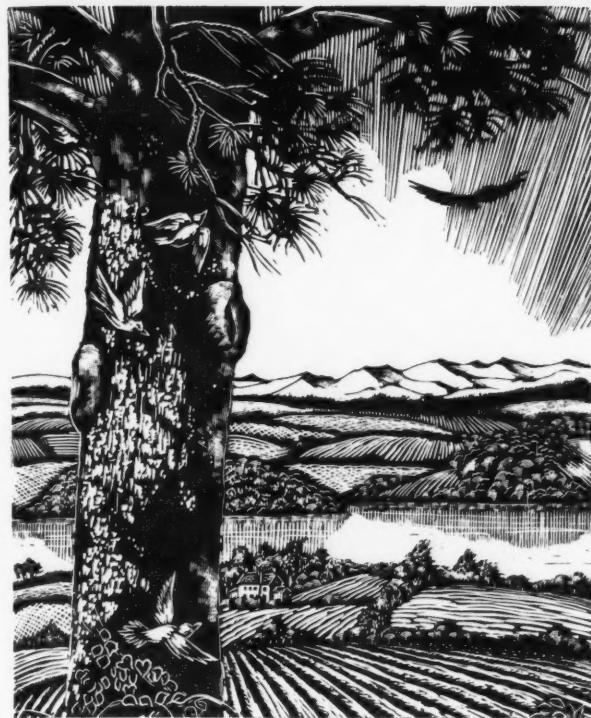
"Lynnie's watching the turkeys and keeping an eye on Penny."

"Well, you'll have to help me out this once," coaxed Elva. "I'm going on an expedition to increase the family honor, as you might say. You know Professor Channing has taught botany this year; and this fall our class has been making a fern herbarium. We've almost every kind in this region except the walking fern, and that's rare. Even Clarendon High hasn't found one. The superintendent wants a complete herbarium for the exhibition. So anyone bringing in a walking fern will go up ahead-way up. And, though I'm not fond of traipsing off over the country, I'm going to act on a tip and make a pilgrimage up the mountain aways—and cover myself with glory."

"You're not going far—alone?" Nancy questioned anxiously. "Wait until afternoon and I'll (Continued on page 53)



She had scarcely locked her arms around the tree when the flood was upon her



THE AIR IS SOFT, THE WIND IS WARM, THE BUDS ARE SWELLING, THE BIRDS ARE SINGING, AND WE FEEL A STRANGE THRILL IN THE VERY DEPTHS OF OUR HEARTS—THE LIFT OF THE SPIRIT WHICH IS THE GIFT OF SPRING



The

RESURRECTION OF HUMANITY

ONCE again the air is soft, the wind is warm, the buds are swelling, the birds are singing, and we feel a strange thrill in the very depths of our hearts—the lift of the spirit which is the gift of spring. It is the old rhythm of life returning after winter, a flowing tide which none can resist, and it stirs us to the roots of our being.

Once again, in the seasons of the soul, the glory of Easter tugs at our hearts with the pull of wonder, awe and joy, touching us to wistfulness by its mystery, as the ancient, high, heroic faith of man blends with the ritual of nature in affirming "that life is ever lord of death and love can never lose its own," despite the darkness of the grave.

Alas! in this year of war, the day of the Eternal Life, with its insight of faith and its anthem of victory, dawns upon a world dark with mortal strife, beset by fear, lurid with lust of power, black with defiant disbelief, amid the colossal misery of an inhuman drama of devastation such as man has never known.

In the light of burning cities and falling nations, amid the thunder of bombs bursting on earth, on the sea, in the air, humanity is being crucified on a cross of war—crucified not only

By Joseph Fort Newton



for its sins but by its sins, its incredible blindness, its strange stupidity in obeying the Will to Power, and denying the Will to Love where lies the true life of mankind.

Often it has been so, albeit seldom, if ever, with such callous cruelty, such calculated cunning, uniting the black mysticism of race and soil and blood with the beautiful magic of science in the service of vanity, if not insanity—calling evil good, and good evil—filling the earth and the sky with horror upon horror, and agonies beyond belief.

Yet History is a book of Hope with the force of Prophecy, in spite of the awful story it tells of the inhumanity of man to man. It also records a rhythm of advance and recession, an ebb and flow of fortune, and every great disaster which looked like the death of the race has been followed by a resurrection of humanity to a new and finer life. If the past is any guide to the future, it will be so again after the winter of our distress. As it was when the Roman Empire staggered and crashed to its fall, plunging civilization into chaos, and the long night of the Dark Ages, it was followed, at last, by the Revival of Learning and the dawn of a new day. It looked like the death and burial of the human spirit, but the unconquerable human soul of man survived, rose again reborn for a great advance and adventure—and stood erect with a Greek New Testament in its hand!

"God hath set eternity in our hearts," the clear-seeing Bible tells us. There is something immortal in humanity, not only in each wistful dreaming soul as it takes flight beyond earth and time, but something eternal in the race itself here upon earth, which is also one of the heavenly bodies, where at last the Kingdom of God is to reign!

"God gives us the Cross, and the Cross gives us God," a wise teacher wrote long ago. "Nothing burns in hell but self-will," a great mystic added. Why there must be so much suffering to bring us to clearer vision and a kinder heart, nobody knows; but we do know that it is true by the facts of the human story, red with blood and with a Cross at its center.

The dark Cross stands stark outside the city gate, an agony, a pity, a towering terror, and beyond it the Empty Tomb—it is at once a symbol, a parable, a prophecy; both a fact and a faith. There is something way down deep that is eternal about humanity, and about each human being; we are waiting for it to be purified and brought out in power.

Today, in the foreground of the world scene, there is the frightfulness of fratricide, man crucifying man—the earth bespattered with brother-blood, made hideous with hatred and horrible with brutality. But beyond, for such as have eyes to see, there is a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth justice, liberty, mercy—a resurrection of humanity.

Such facts, wrought into the warp and woof of our human records—facts as deep as life itself, deeper than death—are the basis of Faith, which lifts man above the animal, pulls him out of the pit, sets his feet upon a rock, and puts a song in his mouth. Faith is the one mighty force in human life, defying death, and able to do impossible things.

Faith is genius; it dares the future and creates the thing it dreams. Faith begets hope; it flames into love; it is the one irresistible, undefeatable power in life. It knows no despair, no death. It is a spark of God-fire in the soul of man, linking man with God Himself as partner, and builder, making impossible things come true and fashioning the shape of things to be.

Lift up your hearts! Life is victor over death in the soft-spoken springtime, and in the tragic heart of man. If at the moment spring seems like a resurgence of death, it is only seeming. The worst wickedness of man cannot stay, or long delay, the upthrust of hope and courage and the renewal of life in our humanity and in our hearts—even the power of an endless life by the Lord and Giver of Life.



The Orphans

SOME day, the story of how Merlin Bishop shepherded his three hundred orphans from Ah-Do in Foo-chow to the old monastery near Ku-tien will become a hero-story for new China. It is as gallant a story as has ever been told . . .

HEY waited in the Orphanage courtyard—three hundred quiet little human mice—for the young American superintendent to give the word to move. All they knew was that they were being taken 65 miles up the River Min, away from the machine-gunning Japanese who now were over the city every day. They sat on the little bundles into which they had packed their few pitiful belongings, surrounded by piles of bedding, food, medicines and furniture. They spoke in whispers.

Bishop brought them out at dusk. Six rickshaws, waiting in the street outside the big gates, moved up swiftly, and into them he lifted his six cripples. Then he said, low, over his shoulder, "All right. Let's go." They started down the quiet evening street.

The inevitable mangy dogs were just coming out for their nightly prowl; here

and there a coolie or a shopkeeper sat fanning himself, resting in the cool of the day. A father stepped into a dim doorway and muttered as he looked down the long silent line, "What is this? What is this?" The mother came to stand behind him, clutching her own little ones closer to her skirts: "Ai-yah! They are the orphans of Ah-Do. May the gods go with them."

A soup-vendor or a candy-man would step aside to let them pass, calling out a cheering word: "You will be safe, little ones. You will be all right." The six lame ones rode like kings, proudly, throwing back their jibes at those who had to walk. Bishop marched beside the first rickshaw; he turned to look back down the line, and he saw three hundred pairs of children's eyes pinned upon him. He knew then that they would be brave as long as he was brave, afraid when he

showed the first sign of fear.

They reached the river at eight o'clock and went on the three boats, one hundred to the boat. You might have called them Chinese junks; they looked like a box-car mounted on a raft. Two were powered with Diesels, one with charcoal; all had sails furled above the deck. Two of the boats had wooden roofs; Bishop's had a roof of thin, worn matting slung on bamboo poles.

He gave the signal for Boat One to pull out; it slipped away into the swirling stream, the darkness enfolding it like a soft black cloak. There was not a sound from those on board. He waited 15 minutes, then sent Boat Two away. The youngsters had strict orders to stay away from the windows, but on Boat Two he caught a fleeting glimpse of a tear-stained little face peering out at the town. Orders or no orders, this little one had his last look at home.

Fifteen minutes more—and Bishop jumped aboard Boat Three and nodded to the men with the long poles, who turned silently and shoved hard against the mud bottom. Off somewhere in the



of AH-DO

By FRANK S. MEAD

black sky he heard the sound of a plane, high over the river. He walked slowly through the cabin, running the beam of his little pencil-flashlight along the walls. On a pile of bedding lay the youngest of them all, fast asleep; Bishop covered him with a blanket. He stopped to whisper to I-Die, aged nine, who held her baby brother tight in her young arms; she wouldn't talk. All around him he could see the little gleaming eyes in the half-dark, watching him narrowly, silent as the night itself. He snapped off his flash, said from his pounding heart, "Stay with me, God," and went on deck.

They sailed for an hour before they overtook the other boats; these boats loomed suddenly, standing dead still in the middle of the stream. They had been halted by a river Customs agent. Customs said they must wait there for inspection in the morning. There was nothing they could do about it. They waited, while the precious cover of the night grew thinner and thinner and finally ran before the dawn.

He got Boat One and Boat Two away during the morning; he told them to go

on ahead, and hide under a good big tree along the bank until he could get his own boat free. He cleared Boat Three at noon, and they had pulled a hundred yards upstream when they heard it: the low, whining drone of Japanese planes flying high and coming fast. A cargo-boat just ahead of them twisted in the stream and made for the left bank; Bishop turned to the right, drove his bow deep into the mud of the opposite bank, whipped open the door of the cabin and went into his act.

He moved deliberately. He got the children on their feet and moving over the rail; he laughed to them that they were going to play a game of hide-and-seek with the Japanese. They were to hide in the long grass and under the trees, and they mustn't even move a finger. The hundred did not laugh; they knew it was no game. But neither did they cry. Not one child cried once, anywhere along this bitter road. The big ones helped the little ones, and they all scrambled ashore like a lot of monkeys pouring out of a cage.

Bishop looked into the sky. The planes were over the cargo-boat, circling, diving. There were seven of them. Up and down the cargo-boat's decks ran her crew, hysterical, screaming, dropping like tenpins as the guns in the planes' wings spat red. Some leaped overboard, and the planes had five minutes' sport shooting at the bobbing heads. Then one plane dropped a bomb, and the cargo-boat was afire. And suddenly there was a silence and no more screaming men and no more running men and the river was streaked with red and there was no sound but the crackling of the high flames of the burning boat which turned and twisted now, a derelict floating helplessly down-stream.

He was still watching the cargo-boat when he became conscious that the seven planes were now over his boat; they were circling; one peeled off and dived, its guns blazing. Bishop leaped into the cabin and went headlong over six boys huddled on the floor. Six hadn't gotten off—and two of them were crippled! He shoved and dragged them into a corner.

The roar was closer now; the bullets were spattering through the flimsy bamboo roof and eating into the floor, all around him. He rubbed his hands over the six, patting shoulders and backs; one tiny paw seized his thumb and held it.

Peering up through the bullet-torn roof, he saw the biggest plane circle into position, hang there against the blue for a second, then dive. This was the plane with the bombs. He thought, as he watched it, "Well, this is it. Now we get the bomb. Now we burn." Down, down, to within two hundred feet—and the plane suddenly pulled out of its dive, and no bomb fell.

The seven planes went away then, and he got the hundred orphans back aboard the boat. They moved slowly up the Min, hugging the shore. The planes kept

coming back, all through the long afternoon, circling, giving them a burst or two, and then flying away. They came so close that Bishop could see the faces of the pilots; there was no more expression on those faces than you would see on the face of a stone. It was just the routine inspection of a victim that they would take care of, somewhere along the river.

They moved faster as night fell. That was the way of it. Move them by night, hide them under the trees by day. At eight next morning they had cleared their second Customs; at eight-thirty they were machine-gunned again. They moved a mile, two miles; then the warning whining came, and they pulled in under the trees.

Weary to the point of exhaustion, Bishop decided one night that he would sleep ashore, on the high bank above his boats. He hid his money on the boat, lest his pocket be picked while he slept, took one last look around at his sleeping orphans, and climbed the bank. He slept the sleep of the tired and the just until the sun came up; then he stretched, looked down at his boats—and saw them pulling fast out into the middle of the stream. For a minute he thought it was hopeless—then he slid and leaped down the muddy bank, splashed into the water, waded and stumbled and swam out to seize the stern of the last boat. The boatmen explained that they were just moving up the river to a bigger tree. There was nothing much to say to that.

He went into the cabin, stripped off his mud-caked clothes, put on clean linen and reached down into the hiding-place for his wallet. It was gone! He was 50 miles from home, stranded in bandit-infested country with 300 orphans and not a cent of money! Followed a hectic search of the boat. They found the money in a tin can, hidden in a pile of luggage belonging to one of the crew. The thief was a brash one; he demanded that Bishop prove that the money was his!

Bishop thought it over for a second, turned to the captain and said, "Ask your man what is on the inside of the roll." The man laughed; money, of course; good Chinese money. Then Bishop said: "Look at the three bills on the inside of that roll; they are three one-dollar American bills." That settled it. He got his money back, and he sat down and wiped his forehead.

On the fifth day, there were no planes; on the fifth night, they reached the little town of Geuk-kow. They did not enjoy Geuk-kow for long, for they still faced a 26-mile hike over the hills to Ku-tien. Aye, there were busses on that road to Ku-tien—but not in war-time. Now there were only a few poor over-burdened trucks carrying rice, soybeans and gunpowder and a few lucky passengers. The orphans of Ah-Do would walk if they wanted to get to Ku-tien.

(Continued on page 60)



Death is But a Going Home

IT IS a readily observable fact that Easter services are full of joy, while funeral services are filled with sorrow, yet both confront the same fact—death. Why this difference? Must it not be confessed that most of us do not get a strong enough grip on the Easter faith to sustain us when death comes home to us? Just as the incoming tide covers the sand bars and the mud-flats of a shoreline, so the Easter anniversary with its crowds, its choruses, its triumphant gladness flows in to hide the treacherous shoal of death. It is the day when "death is swallowed up in victory."

But the test of the Easter faith comes in the days after, when the festival tide has ebbed and the stark fact of death is laid bare by the loss of a loved one. We take our text, therefore, not from the shouts of the glad Easter morning, but from a passage frequently read at funeral services. It is, however, just about the most triumphant note ever struck. It is this: "Death is swallowed up in victory . . . Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Let us consider the victory over death which Christ does give. First of all, Christ demonstrates a triumph over the *fact* of death.

The foundation of my belief in life immortal reaches further back than the resurrection of Christ. I should hold the hope of immortality, had Christ never risen. The belief in a life beyond has persisted through all ages and is practically universal in all races. This conviction which is strongest at our best moments and rises out of our noblest emotion, that of love, seems to involve the very integrity of the universe itself.

CHRISTIAN HERALD



By Dr. Ralph W. Sockman

The Creator has endowed us with the power to love, to evaluate, to hope. These powers are as integral to human nature as the hunger of the body, or the air we breathe. Certainly the Creator who keeps faith with the cravings of our bodily instincts would not play false to the other half of our natures. Certainly the Creator, who guides through the boundless sky the path of the migrating bird on its unerring flight, has not planted in man a migrating instinct only to mislead him when he sets out for the larger home of his soul.

If life ended at the grave, this would seem an irrational world. We should then have to believe that the universe, having groaned in travail to bring forth its highest creation, that of human personality, having nurtured this human being with parental care, having rounded him into maturity and enriched him with grace, then after all that infinite labor throws him on the dust heap, a piece of rotting flesh less valuable than rusting iron which can be salvaged for future use. We should have to believe that the genius of a Beethoven composing a Ninth Symphony, or the spirit of Saint Francis leavening with love the sodden life of the Middle Ages, or the dynamic personality of a Douglas MacArthur is of no more value than the leaves which go flying down the street before the autumn wind. Two of my very oldest friends passed away this week. When I remember the light which shone in their eyes—the light of love, of intelligence, of humor, of hope, suggesting oh so much more than mere physical existence—I cannot believe such a flame has been snuffed out like a candle.

Yes, my belief in immortality rests on the very integrity of the universe itself. But Christ enhances my belief in the fidelity of this world's government. In His view, this is our Father's world, a world that clothes the fields with grass, and feeds the fowl of the air, a world wherein fathers give good things to their children, a world wherein our Heavenly Father gives so much better things to those who love him. As I catch the spirit of Christ's integrity, I feel convinced that I can trust him when he says about this hope of a life beyond, "If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." When I add the conviction of Christ's integrity to my belief in the world's integrity, I should believe in immortality, even if the

career of Jesus had ended at the cross.

But the record of Christ did not end on Calvary. The stories of the resurrection present some difficulties which I cannot resolve. But when I let my mind lie open to the record and allow each gospel to bring its wave of testimony in on my thought, I feel a rising tide of conviction in the truth of Christ's triumph over the grave.

The sad-hearted women going out in the misty morning to anoint the body of their departed leader; the experience in the Garden which sent them rushing back to bring the disciples; the evening walk to Emmaus when a mysterious presence seemed to accompany them and to make their hearts burn within them on the way; the upper room a week later with the disciples gathered about the still doubting Thomas, and then his cry of conviction, "My Lord and my God"—these Easter reports are told with such reticence and artlessness that I cannot believe they were inventions. And if not invented, do these resurrection reports constitute just another ghost story to be added to the world's collection? But what ghost ever had the effect of producing moral grandeur in the people who thought they saw him? When did a ghost drive men from abject terror to flaming courage? Yet that is what the resurrection did for the disciples. It transformed them from defeated refugees, trying to slip out of Jerusalem's back streets, into triumphant apostles proclaiming the risen Lord.

Something happened which made Jesus more alive on the streets of Jerusalem at Pentecost than he was on Palm Sunday. Was it all delusion or illusion? Well, a false report might last a few days or months, but the Church which was founded on this report of the risen Christ has continued and grown through nineteen centuries, producing by its gospel the noblest characters known to history. If you can believe that a religious movement, founded on a falsehood, can produce men of integrity and go on growing until it numbers over 600,000,000 followers, then you are welcome to your opinion. But for myself, I find it harder to explain away than to explain.

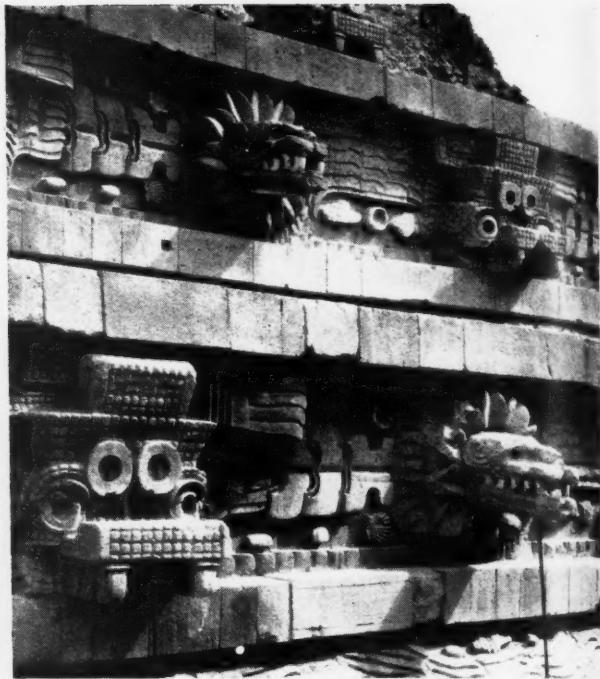
The resurrection account recalls by suggestion an experience of my school days. As a lad of thirteen I was accustomed to ride a horse three miles to school. One spring the heavy rains had raised the waters of the stream which I had to ford. As I approached the crossing in the deepening dusk I observed fresh tracks which revealed that others had been crossing there. No one, however, was in sight and I hesitated to urge my horse into the muddied rushing waters. Then suddenly a door opened in a farmhouse which stood near the opposite bank. From that open door a path of light fell across the swollen stream. In that light I took courage and rode my horse across.

Similarly the river of death is a turgid stream whose bottom and farther bank I cannot see. I do see tracks which make me think others must have gotten over. Socrates, drinking the hemlock for the sake of an ideal, certainly such a noble spirit could not have been deceived. Joan of Arc led to martyrdom by her sense of divine duty—certainly the universe could not be so cruel as to crush the dreams of so pure a girl. Such lives have left tracks which lead me to think the river of death can be crossed. And the Easter Event is like the opening of a friendly door on the other side. It sheds a light on that crossing, and that light gives me confidence to face the future.

Yes, Christ hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. That is the conviction which has carried the Christian movement for nineteen centuries. It sustained the hunted Christians hiding in the catacombs. It comforts the Christians in the blacked-out cities of war-torn regions. It is sending its Easter hope through the hearts of boys in far-away battle zones. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Christ lived a life which triumphed over the fact of death.

But death is not swallowed up in victory unless we conquer the *fear* of death, as well as the *fact* of death. The Grim Reaper has his victories this side of the grave.

Why are we afraid of death? Is it because we are loath to look death in the face? We are ever fleeing from death and casting frightened glances over our shoulder at the stern spectre which dogs our steps. Perhaps (*Continued on page 62*)



Top: Mexico loves her churches and her mountains. Above: Hatch and Carranza lay the cornerstone for the new school building. Below: The clinic at the Rural Center, where a ministry of healing is performed.



SINCE THE DAYS OF THE AZTECS AND CORTEZ,

MEXICO'S *Cry for Land*

By Frank B. Lenz

THE Mexicans were the first real agriculturists of the Western world. Thousands of years before the coming of the white man, these migrants from Asia, drifting down the west coast of the North American continent, reached the great valley of Mexico. Here they built their villages, their pyramids, their cities and their temples. The Aztecs in the highlands of Central Mexico developed a civilization that was far superior to that of the diversified tribes of North America. The basis of the Aztec civilization was the fertile land which sustained life abundantly. Today the descendants of these people are the same farming people that Cortez found 400 years ago. They still work the soil as they did in pre-Conquest days.

I never think of the Indians of Mexico without thinking of the farmers of China. Like the Chinese, they love the soil. They are dignified and restrained. For the most part they are refined and courteous. They have tremendous physical stamina. Hospitality is considered a cardinal virtue among them. Most of them make beautiful things with their hands. My mind goes back to the potteries of Ching-teh Chen and the rug factories of Peking, when I see their arts and crafts. They are unconscious artists, inheritors of a vigorous, aesthetic tradition. For centuries they have lived on communal lands known as the "ejido." They consider their land the possession of all, as free as sunshine and rain. It is for common use.

But all is not well with the Mexican peasants today. With

CHRISTIAN HERALD



400 YEARS AGO, THE MEXICANS HAVE LOVED AND TILLED THEIR SOIL

the coming of the Spaniards the Indians were forced from their lands and gradually became serfs. Having been despoiled of their common heritage they became miserable, poverty stricken, unhealthy, uneducated, possessing little but their debts and their wretchedness. They had no deeds to their property and of course they couldn't prove ownership. The Roman Catholic church began to acquire property in vast holdings. At one time half the property of Mexico was owned by the church. Big haciendas developed, and the hacienda-owner built and supported churches and gave liberally to the cause of religion. His workers were the wretched peons who at one time had owned the land themselves.

The land system was very bad in the time of Diaz, because the land was concentrated into so few hands. Two percent of the population owned 90 percent of the land. In the State of Morelos 98 percent of the people were landless. Diaz distributed 143,000,000 acres to the *hacendados*, one friend getting 17,000,000 acres, or an area about the size of South Carolina. One hacienda in the State of Chihuahua, owned by the Terrazas family, comprised 30,000,000 acres. The old dictator applied the laws against the Indians despite the fact they were aimed to curb the church; when the Indians rebelled they were either driven off their lands by soldiers or the land markers were changed. One governor even burned down their homes. This old system was unjust because it created slavery. It was also inefficient because of absentee landlordism and because no machinery was used and no new methods were introduced. A stick was used for a plough; nothing else was considered necessary. The system got worse and worse until the explosion of 1910 blew it to bits.

Following the Revolution of 1911, the government through its agrarian reform laws began the process of giving the land back to the peasants. Any village that needed land had the right to apply for it. At first land was donated outright. Legislation fixing compensation to the *hacendados* came later. Land is paid for in government bonds, which unfortunately bring little or no income.

By 1935, 27,000,000 acres had been distributed among 30,015 villages to 833,000 heads of families. Only some 7,000,000 acres had been distributed up until 1925, fifteen years after the Revolution. And then came Cardenas, who greatly accelerated the distribution of land. By 1940 he had

expropriated 28,000,000 acres more, bringing the total to 55,000,000. He organized the Ejidal Banks to give credit to the farmers. When John Gunther was visiting Mexico, former President Cardenas said to him very simply: "The Indian's conception of life depends on his having his own land. For him land is life. Without land he is an outcast. Ownership of land produces a harmony with environment which is essential to life in Mexico."

Many people, both Mexicans and Americans, feel that the peasants still do not have enough land, and this is probably right because much of the land in Mexico is not tillable. There is not enough good land for the population of 20,000,000, about 5,000,000 of whom are Indians. Some authorities say that only about seven percent of Mexico's land is tillable; others put the figure at 11 percent. The reason is that vast areas are deserts. There are practically no rivers. I have actually seen farmers working on hillsides so steep that it was necessary to tie themselves to trees while planting and tilling their corn patches.

Land has been distributed and the ejido system has been re-introduced. The ejido is a communal, not a communistic way of holding land. The community holds land jointly but cultivates it individually or as families. The peasants pool their resources and efforts and share the results. The inspiration does not come from Russia or from Marxian doctrine; it is a survival of the communal practices of the Aztecs.

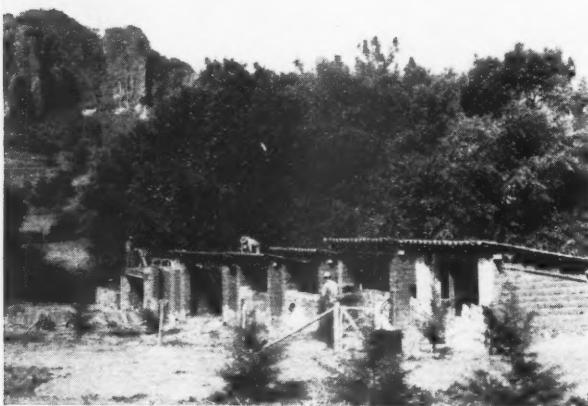
Does the ejido work? Thousands work very well. Many do not work at all. Some are failures because the peasants have not been given enough land. In some places the land is poor, barren or worn out. In some places the landlord diverts the water. There are droughts, family feuds and politics. Some peasants leave the land after having started farming it, but generally the rural land reforms are a success just as the abolition of slavery was a success. None of the farmers want to go back to the days of Diaz when life in Mexico was organized around the hacienda and a big house. The tendency now is to organize life around the pueblo with the school as the center.

The government is spending much money on such projects as irrigation, land reforms, highways, health, and education. But distribution of the land is not enough. The peasants must have tools, animals and seed. Agrarian banks have been set up, therefore, to supply these necessities.

The background of the people must be studied. The way the



The staff at the Rural Center: a study in international cooperation



The chickens and the animals are housed in well-built, up-to-date houses which will be an example to all Mexico



Mrs. Hatch takes care of the children. Lover of flowers herself, she works here with the junior Flower Club at the Center.

Indians think must be understood. It must be understood that Mexico is the meeting place of two major streams of life: one from the Orient, the other from Europe. This commingling of life has produced problems. More than 25 percent of the population is pure Indian; four or five percent is pure white. So mixed is the remainder that Mexico must be regarded as an Indian nation. But whether Indian, Spanish, French or a conglomeration, the inhabitants of Mexico to me are just people. Relieved from exploitation and given honest leadership, they are capable of taking their rightful place in the new world and of making a definite contribution to the cultural life of the West.

But to have a self-reliant and independent citizenry, the nation of Mexico cannot afford to subsidize the major section of its population indefinitely. Such a policy would lead inevitably to a form of totalitarianism with the State as the dominant force instead of the Church. One of the most important of the necessary steps that must be taken to raise the standard of living and improve the economy of the nation, now that land is being put back into the hands of the peasant Indians, is to teach them how to use it. Since land is scarce it must be made to yield more. Furthermore, Professor Hernandez y Hernandez of Chihuahua and Dr. Manuel Gamio, Mexico's great anthropologist, have pointed out that it is necessary to study Indian problems and stop trying to force upon them an alien culture that is impractical. They say that it is more important to teach efficient farming and elementary hygiene than to teach the Indians the Spanish language, which can come later.

Believing this idea sound, the Young Men's Christian Association is trying to do something about it. I am tremendously interested in the Rural Demonstration Center conducted by the Y.M.C.A. near Tepoztlán, 50 miles southwest of Mexico City, under the brilliant guidance of Dr. and Mrs. D. Spencer Hatch, who for 18 years previous had been the inspiration of a remarkable rural reconstruction program in India. Dr. Hatch, an altruistic American who likes to pioneer, was born on a farm near Troy, N. Y., and was educated at Cornell and Yale. His able wife, who is one of the most democratic women I have ever met, received a degree in dramatics from Cornell; Hatch jokingly says he ruined her career when he married her and took her to India. But nothing daunted, she immediately used her dramatic ability to combat the illiteracy, drunkenness, sickness and poverty of India.

In Mexico the Hatchers have found conditions quite similar to those in India. Poverty, sickness and illiteracy stare them in the face every day. But they are neither discouraged nor disillusioned. Sustained by a great faith in both God and man and inspired by past accomplishments, they are dealing with difficult problems in a most practical manner.

They have discovered that the Mexican Indians have an inarticulate awareness of their heritage. Together with the peasants they are working out a new appreciation of Mexican Indian culture which will make these humble people conscious of the greatness of their past, thus helping to alleviate their sense of inferiority. At the same time Dr. Hatch is offering them the best that our civilization has produced. He is trying to discover and conserve the best elements of their own life. He is giving them self-help with intimate, expert counsel; he is helping the people to help themselves.

Located at the end of a highway, away from civilization, the experimental center is in the heart of an area comprising ten *barrios* (villages) in a sloping valley with the topmost village located at an altitude of 10,000 feet and the lowest one ten miles away, 3500 feet below. Thus, climatic and atmospheric conditions range from temperate to tropical. By finding out what will grow and what will work in this mountain area, he is discovering what will work for every part of Mexico!

Twenty acres of land have been acquired for experimental purposes, the soil of which was declared to be "almost mechanically perfect" by Dr. Charles F. Kellogg, chief of the division of Soil Survey of the U. S. Government when he visited the center at the time of the Inter-American Agricultural Congress in July 1942.

Hatch is assisted by three able Mexican leaders. Artemio Carranza, nephew of former President Carranza, is directly in charge as rural secretary. Dr. and Mrs. Alcantara are in charge of the health program and are doing both preventive and curative work. He is a graduate of the National University and she is a trained nurse. For more than a year they have lived in the new clinic at the Center, where they receive patients; in addition the doctor visits sick families in the villages. Juan N. Pascoe, associate general secretary of the Mexico City Y.M.C.A., who was born (*Continued on page 56*)



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Perched high on baggage, this forlorn little Japanese is symbolic of the confusion and problems caused by the mass evacuation of Pacific Coast Japanese-Americans

EXILES *in America*

By

DOROTHY
CANFIELD
FISHER

to public schools, playing basketball and saluting our flag with fervor. Of course. Why not? This is America.

But with the Japanese-Americans in the West Coast areas, it was different. Most of them were given a very short time in which they must sell, at a forced sale for whatever price they could get, their homes and the businesses in which they had been usefully earning their livings; and then, just with what they could carry with them in bulging suitcases or bags, they were taken hundreds of miles inland, and "settled" on new land, in a new climate totally different from the one they were used to.

Were German-Americans from Yorkville in Manhattan, where there had been the most open, publicized flouting of American principles, the loudest expressions of admiration for Hitler, forced to sell their businesses and their homes, at any price they could get, move out of the city into a wild, unsettled tract in the Appalachian mountains and begin to earn their living with their hands? No, indeed. Any American with ordinary good sense would realize that our efficient F.B.I. could easily weed out the disloyal individuals among them. Anybody with experience knew that the great majority of the German-Americans were quiet, hard-working citizens who asked nothing but to earn their livings usefully, pay their taxes and train their children to be good Americans. It would have been not only a very expensive matter for our government to tear them all up by the roots, and support them (no matter how meagerly) till those of them who survived the shock could begin again to earn their livings, but it would also have been the most needless expense, the greatest waste of human material. The same sane and sensible considerations were applied to the large numbers of Italian-Americans

HERE is what happened. Our country went into war, its declared enemies Germany, Italy and Japan. There are, in many places in the United States, large numbers of Germans, Italians and Japanese. Even greater numbers of their children were born here, brought up to play baseball, to chew gum, devotedly to salute our starry flag as the symbol of liberty and justice to all, to revere Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson, to meet their young friends at the soda-water fountains on Main Street, to yell their hearts out over basketball goals made by their high-school team, to believe proudly that they are young citizens of the best country on the globe.

Many of the Italian-Americans and German-Americans and their children live in cities along the Atlantic seaboard

where enemy air-raids might be expected, where there are many square miles of wharves and warehouses used in the war effort. Many Japanese-Americans and their children lived on the Pacific seaboard, where conditions were the same. Our F.B.I., competent, skillful, efficient, forewarned, combed these three groups for those few who were hostile to our American war effort. From all three groups, those who were found to be untrustworthy were taken away into a custody which would prevent them from hindering our great national effort to win the war.

After this, the German-Americans and their American-born children, and the Italian-Americans and theirs, against whom no evidence of disloyalty could be found, were left in their own homes, earning their own livings, their children going



Uprooted from comfortable homes and successful businesses, many thousands of Japanese-Americans were transported hundreds of miles inland and settled on new land

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Why then were the 70,000 Japanese-Americans, our fellow citizens, not handled in the same way?

It has been done. That milk has been spilled. That water has flowed under the bridge, and now, we Christians, we Americans, still in our own homes, no dearer to us than theirs to them—what can we do for them? What can we do for the lonely old man who had to sell his market-garden, every inch of which was known and dear to his skilful old hands, over which he had bent his back all his life long, which he loved because it had cared for his wife, now dead, and his children, also dead. When that old man came stumbling down to the railway station to board the train that would take him away from all he had ever known, he carried no suitcase, crammed with clothing. He carried only the urn in which were the ashes of his wife and children. And when one of the broken-hearted Americans (for there were such) at the station on those tragic days to help the exiles, offered to take the urn from him as he feebly tried to climb up the steps of the train, he shrank back in horror, clutching it to him, thinking that the government would snatch that from him too.

What can we do for him, we who have our children and grandchildren about us? And what can we do for the young mothers, the pretty, clean, self-respecting, hard-working young mothers, who, forced to leave with the others, bore their babies not in the bright hospital wards where their others had been born, but in the baggage-cars of the train, or in the bare barracks of the comfortless concentration camps to which they were sent first. And for the high-school sophomore, as passionately attached to her schoolmates, to her school, to her athletics, to her glee club, as your daughter is to hers, what can we do for her, to help her go on loving the starry flag she has thrilled to salute all her life, from the kindergarten on? And for the intelligent little boy in short pants in the third grade, just beginning

a public library, or a school library, toys for nursery schools or kindergartens, basketballs, footballs, croquet sets.

Any church society could get in touch with those of their own faith in a colony camp (for there are members of practically all denominations there), establish a friendly relationship, contribute hymn books, Sunday-school books, religious pictures—whatever would comfort them if they had been forced away from their churches.

Any school group, of any age from kindergarten through college, could make a personal contact through friendly letters with those of corresponding school age, and offer help in making the colony schools less bare, less primitive and more like what our nation considers essential for every child within its borders.

A group of businessmen could offer to find jobs in their city or town or village for a few of those interned fellow-citizens,



With just what they could carry with them in bulging suitcases, these Japanese-Americans were installed in barracks and told to start life all over again

to read fluently, who spent all his spare time in the children's room of the public library in his home town—his no longer?

There are things we can do, practical, decent, concrete, possible for any one of us, young or old, rich or poor, to do, at once, today, individually, or by organized effort through one of the groups to which nearly every American belongs. First of all, we can send a penny postcard of inquiry to the Quakers in Philadelphia (Society of Friends, 20 South Twelfth St.), asking for the address of the Japanese-American "colony" nearest to our homes, and for the name of its director. We can then write to him, explaining that we wish to be helpful, and giving him some idea of what we might be willing to do, such as:

A Girl or Boy Scout troop could exchange letters with Japanese-American Girl or Boy Scouts, or with others of their own age; they could send books to start

now eating their hearts out in enforced dependence, longing to earn their livings as they always have. If not jobs, one job, at least. With this would go a conscientious responsibility to have the job a decent one such as any self-respecting American would be willing to take, and to offer friendly helpfulness if the Japanese-American does come to work in your town. We are desperately in need of skilled helpers in almost all our enterprises in these days. There are reservoirs of skilled helpers desperately longing for the chance to work. They will be allowed to take a job only if someone "from the outside" definitely asks for their services.

But first of all comes the simple effort to find out, directly, at first hand, (as is so simple and easy to do) what is needed, what is possible, and then what part of what is needed and possible would be within our power to do.



APRIL, 1943

DAILY MEDITATIONS



For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. ARCHER WALLACE

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

THURSDAY, APRIL 1

SPIRITUAL RESTORATION

"RESTORE SUCH AN ONE."
READ GALATIANS 6:1-10

A MAN who was an active church worker was found guilty of dishonesty and punished by the civil courts. He was promptly dropped by respectable people and ostracized. A minister and his wife, known to the writer, called to see the man and took every occasion to show him kindness. It was the right thing to do. None of us is perfect, not even those who are so sure of themselves. If our religion has not made us patient and ready to assist those who have fallen, then it has not done much for us and we are not making much headway. We cannot condone wrongdoing but we must restore the weak.

Father, we pray that Thou wilt remove from our hearts all vanity and self-righteousness. May we be Thy messengers to bring hope to despairing souls and peace to troubled minds. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 2

DIGNITY AND DRIVING POWER

"RECEIVE YOU ONE ANOTHER."
READ ROMANS 15:1-7

WE ALL admire cool, well-balanced people who have both poise and dignity; those who say and do the right things at the right time. But the plain truth is that in every church there are excellent devoted members whose judgment is not good and who are not easy to get along with. No one could read the New Testament epistles without seeing that there have been such Christians from the beginning. Furthermore let us make this admission: these people often supply the driving power of the church. Their lack of dignity is more than offset by their unselfish devotion and enthusiasm.

Lord, if we have fellowship with Thee, we shall be more patient and forgiving in our relations with others. Increase in us all feelings of brotherliness and ties of loving sympathy. Amen.

APRIL 1943

SATURDAY, APRIL 3

GIVE GOD TIME

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."
READ ROMANS 8:18-39

THE Apostle Paul wanted to visit Rome, not to advance any temporal interests nor to satisfy his curiosity but that he might convey to the band of Christians there some spiritual gifts. Paul eventually did visit Rome but it was as a despised prisoner, chained to a Roman soldier. Yet the sad circumstances had decided compensations. During that imprisonment Paul wrote letters which have inspired millions. No wonder he wrote to the Philippians: "The things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel." All things work together for the purpose of God when men work with God.

Lord, give unto us such a sense of Thy presence that we shall cast out all fear. May we have full assurance that our lives are in Thy keeping. We ask this in Thy name. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 4

THE LAST PHASE

"I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE."
READ II TIMOTHY 4:1-8

ONE of the biographers of Napoleon, in writing of his last sad days on St. Helena, says that in his exile and captivity he was unutterably lonely because, "no great principle stood by him." He had lived selfishly, spurred on by a lust for power and indifferent to the suffering he caused others. He was forsaken and hated and through it all he knew that he deserved such treatment. The Apostle Paul in his last phase was also a prisoner but he had the supreme satisfaction of knowing he had spent himself in the service of Christ. Whether he thought of the past or of the future he was filled with holy joy.

Father, Thou hast given us the power to discern between good and evil. Help us in every decision that we may choose the highest and the best. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 5

FACE ARCHITECTURE

"HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS."
READ REVELATION 22:1-17

THERE is such a thing as face architecture and it is largely the result of inward spiritual forces. This opinion was recently expressed by an eminent photographer who, in an interesting article contributed to a magazine, wrote: "One of the best evidences for religion is the type of face that the essentially religious life produces." A fine tribute from an unexpected quarter. It is not to be wondered at that tranquillity of spirit and unselfish purposes should reveal themselves in people's faces as surely as discontent and fretfulness certainly do. John wrote: "His name shall be in their foreheads."

Dwell in us, O God, then shall we cast out fear and apprehension and misgiving. And we shall have peace and a foretaste of that joy which shall abide forever. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 6

THE VOICE OF ENTREATY

"OPEN THE DOOR."
READ REVELATION 3:18-22

THERE are two ways in which one may use the word "come." There is the voice of command, when the word is imperative. It was in this way that Jesus spoke when he commanded the devils to come out of the stricken man. But the word may be used in a tone of entreaty and this is how Jesus uses it whenever he asks men to come unto him. He does not command men to follow him. There can be no spiritual compulsion. Here is a profound mystery; He who has so much power stands at the door of human hearts and pleads for admittance. And men may open or close that door as they choose.

Thou dost invite us to come to Thee, O God. In Thy compassion Thou dost bend over each one of us saying, "Son and daughter, give me thine heart." Amen.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7

FIRST-HAND RELIGION

"WE HAVE HEARD HIM OURSELVES."

READ JOHN 4:1-40

AFTER her conversation with Jesus the woman of Samaria hurried back to tell other Samaritans about him. They accepted her testimony but that was all. What she told was tremendously important if it were true, too important to be accepted second-hand. So they came to see and talk with Jesus for themselves. They found in him all that the woman had testified and they joyously declared to her: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world!" To have had devout parents or friends is not enough. We must meet Christ ourselves.

Lord, we thank Thee for every holy influence. For parents, friends and teachers who have been the angels of our pilgrimage, we bless Thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

READ JOHN 8:25-36

RI查德·杰弗里斯，著名的博物学家，是一个怀疑论者。他厌恶有组织的宗教。他说，教堂尖塔的景象令他恼火；它破坏了风景。他热爱大海，因为那里没有教堂尖塔。然而，这个男人却变得非常虔诚。在他生命的最后几个月里，圣经成了他的忠实伴侣。在他死前的三个星期，他的妻子从《路加福音》中读到他，说：“那些是耶稣的话；它们是真实的，所有的哲学都是空虚的。”他做了这个重要的声明：“我做错了；那是我的智力虚荣。”

Lord, in Thee alone can the weak find strength; the weary be refreshed and the sad find comfort. Thou art the God of all consolation. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9

SACRIFICIAL RELIGION

"GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

READ II CORINTHIANS 9:1-7

MOST of us greatly exaggerate the financial support we give for religious purposes. A few years ago a letter appeared in a leading newspaper protesting that too much money was given for Christian missions. In a convincing reply a returned missionary pointed out that more money was spent for chewing gum alone on this continent than was raised for missions by all the churches put together.

40

Lord, help us to hold very lightly the things of this world. May we lay up for ourselves treasure in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10

FINANCES AND SPIRITUALITY

"YOUR LIBERALITY."

READ I CORINTHIANS 16:1-3

THE custom has grown up in some churches of having laymen make all financial appeals. It is felt that there is something derogatory about having a minister of the gospel speak about finances. We do not agree with this; nor do we care for the attempt to distinguish between sacred and secular affairs. When Paul wrote to the Corinthians he wrote of the deepest things in Christian experience, then he followed this by an insistent financial appeal: "Now concerning the collection."

Thou art the giver of every good and perfect gift. In Thy mercy Thou hast made it possible for us to help one another. May we freely give and be blessed in the giving. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 11

EXIT AND ENTRANCE

"LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD."

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:1-9

THERE have been years in history which saw the passing of spiritual giants and by a strange coincidence in the same years were born equally great and good men. The year 1809, for instance, saw the close of some notable careers but it heralded the coming of some wonderful men among whom were William Ewart Gladstone, Alfred Tennyson and our own Abraham Lincoln. The trouble is we know those who are leaving us and we are disturbed about their departure. We do not know those who are coming. But the giants are coming.

Lord, forgive us that we so easily lose sight of Thy holy purposes for Thy children. May we remember that Thou wilt perfect the work which Thou hast begun and in Thy task may we have some humble part. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 12

THE SOUL WINNING HEART

"THAT WHICH WE HAVE SEEN AND HEARD DECLARE WE UNTO YOU."

READ I JOHN 3

WHEN a church member who had only a very languid interest in missions asked Charles H. Spurgeon: "Do you think the heathen will be saved if we do not send them the gospel?" the great

evangelist answered, "Do you think we shall be saved ourselves if we do not send them the gospel?" That was a homely truth of deep significance. We have grave doubts about any person's spiritual life if there is no concern for other people both at home and abroad. We must pass on the knowledge of spiritual benefits we have received.

Lord, awaken in us a sense of responsibility for those who live in darkness and superstition. So dispose our hearts to all peoples that we shall be eager to carry the light of Thy blessed truth to their waiting souls. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 13

A GOOD FORGETTERY

"THOU SHALT FORGET THE SHAME OF THY YOUTH."

READ ISAIAH 54

IT IS an advantage to have a good memory but there are some things we should forget. Faber, writer of so many beautiful hymns, once preached a sermon on: "The Spiritual Advantages of a Short Memory." Commenting on this Dr. Frank Boreham says that there are too many people who load up the pigeonholes of their minds with rubbish. It mars their happiness and cripples their usefulness.

*"Let us forget the things that tried and vexed us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret."*

Father, there are no limits to Thy mercy. It is as boundless as the sea. Thou dost forgive the sins we ourselves find it hard to forgive and forget.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14

SPIRITUAL SATISFACTION

"MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD."

READ PSALM 42

PROBABLY the wealthiest man who ever lived was the Chinese statesman Li Hung Chang. The vast fortune he left at the time of his death could scarcely be computed. Yet he mournfully confessed that his vast possessions brought him anxiety and concern rather than peace. He said that he envied every tired peasant who could lie down beside his dromedary and peacefully sleep. What a striking fulfillment this was of that remarkable verse in Ecclesiastes 5:10, "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase."

Lord, in Thee alone can we find satisfaction and peace. Forgive us that we have so often sought elsewhere that rest which Thou alone canst give. Amen.

(Continued on page 44)

CHRISTIAN HERALD

FICTION WITH A CHRISTIAN PURPOSE

*Wholesome, Well-written,
Character-building books*



Here are the three new books of Westminster Fiction which we promised in our message last month—plus three others which have already proven popular. They make good reading for any season, but are especially ideal for Easter Gifts. Christian families may rely on Westminster books!

SOMEONE TO REMEMBER, by Jean Potts.....\$2.00

During all her 75 years, but especially after her death, Miss Kate's character worked a subtle influence on the village of Sand Creek. She lived and passed on before this story begins and yet she remains its central character. The situations shaped by her influence and the people it reached make an intriguing plot.

TROUBLE AT TAMARACK, by David Lavender \$1.75

Written to the tempo of thudding horses' hoofs, this is the story of young Bram Tyler and his experiences at a northern California ranch-camp. In his attempt to win the coveted Tamarack Pin, he learns the importance of team-work as compared with individual achievement. An intriguing plot, with plenty of action.

VALLEY IN ARMS, by Earl Schenck Miers.....\$2.50

A story picturing the settlement of the Connecticut Valley—one of the truly historic legends of our American tradition . . . told in the thoughts and lives of ordinary citizens. Drama and romance combine into a thoroughly interesting story, as well as an important historic document. (Off Press April 19.)



BIG STORE

by Donald Rose

\$2.00

A grand story—for those who have a career and especially for those who want one. Tempered by keen good humor, it traces the experiences of Chuck Martin as he tries to put over his pet ideas on the advertising of a big New York department store . . . and learns humility in the process. Full of happy, lively people and with an up-to-the-minute hero.

JESS

by T. Morris Longstreth

\$2.00

Naive, ingenious, wistful, red-headed Jess is the heroine of this story of the development of personality in an all-American girl. Unpredictable to the 'nth degree, her yen for publicity took her from her byroad town to a national radio hook-up in almost no time at all! Her enthusiasm, her generosity and her absolute naturalness teach a lesson of value to all.

FALCONER'S SON

by Albert I. Mayer, Jr.

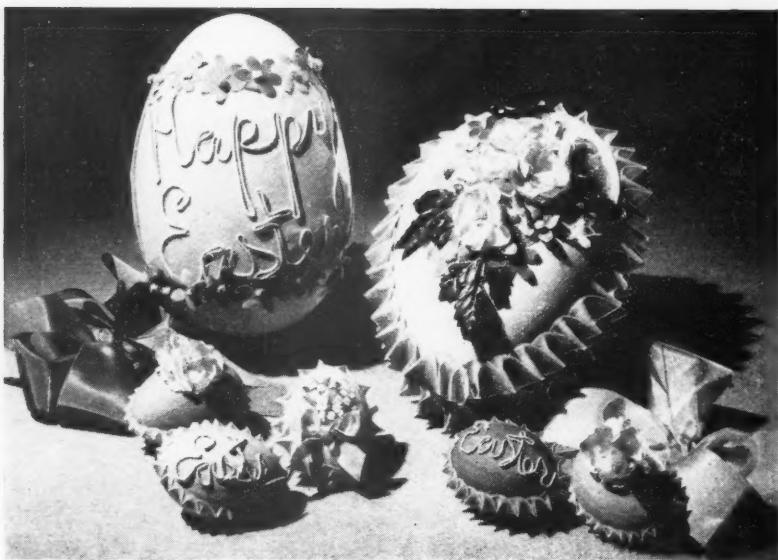
\$2.50

The beginning of community living, as it grew out of the misrule of robber barons in tenth century Central Europe, provides the goal for this historically accurate novel. Shedding light on a period of history too often skipped over, "Falconer's Son" creates scenes and characters so life-like that the reader can almost see them. Beautiful illustrations.

At your Favorite Bookstore—or

THE WESTMINSTER PRESS

**WITHERSPOON BUILDING
PHILADELPHIA, PA.**



"Ersatz" eggs are all the Easter Bunny has in his basket this year. Courtesy Dennison Manufacturing Co.

SERVE EGGS . . .

At Easter

By Esther Foley

AN EGG. Just that. But the meaning back of the gift reaches into every home. Not this year can the festival of Easter be celebrated with egg hunts or gifts of daintily colored eggs in baskets made up to delight the children. And a real sacrifice it is because the egg has always been closely related to the celebration of Easter. Great and small egg shapes made of crepe paper for table decorations; gorgeous egg shapes made of tinsel paper and filled with candies; eggs and baby chicks and pink-eared bunnies holding blue eggs painted on greeting cards; these will take their place and these must do. This year real eggs are food.

With meat supplies a problem and cheese and milk supplies being stretched to go around, the egg becomes meat. It's a protein food of excellent value. The hens of the country are expected to produce 4,780,000,000 dozen eggs this year. Not all for the market! A good percentage will be dried for military use and Lend-Lease. Considering the need for eggs here at home, the remainder will not sell cheap. But for church suppers, eggs answer the need better than meat . . . they are not rationed.

Unless a church has regular dinner meetings of more than 50 people, the church dinner groups cannot be classified as institutional. Any rationed food needed must be bought by pooling coupons. And until rationing gets well accepted

and each family has its points carefully managed, it is not a good idea to suggest pooling. Plan meals of foods "off the ration." Fruit juices and vegetables in cans over one gallon. Dried peas, beans, soups, fresh fruits and vegetables. Bread. Cereals. Macaroni and spaghetti. With these, meals can be devised that will be a real relief to the point-puzzled housewife. And of the foods mentioned, eggs are most suited to the time and the season.

Egg dinners are most informal. Eggs suggest breakfast, and eggs suggest Sunday night supper. Take advantage of this. Serve no first course. Plunge right into the main plate, but serve a salad. With egg dishes, a crisp apple and celery salad fits because it gives chewing quality and crispness. Hard water rolls or bread sticks are good for the same reason. A green vegetable is needed, string beans or spinach. And for dessert a pie or a turnover and tea or coffee. A sharp relish is much appreciated, pepper hash, or dill pickles, or sour sweet pickle chunks.

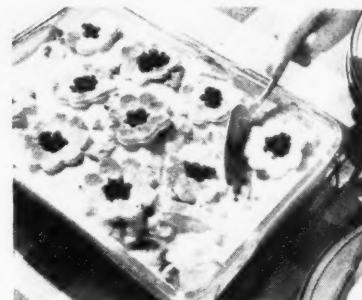
From the hard-cooked egg comes many fine dishes. To be tender yet well done, the water used in cooking eggs should be simmering, not boiling. This is the reason all modern recipes say "hard-cooked" not "hard-boiled" eggs.

Directions for Hard Cooking Eggs in Quantity

Wash eggs. Heat water to boiling. Allow 3 quarts water per dozen eggs. Place



Red Rimmed Apple Slices and Celery Sticks are good! Courtesy Washington Apple Association



Fragrant, comforting, colorful is an onion egg pie! Courtesy National Association Service



Combine eggs and a green vegetable . . . a one-dish meal. Courtesy Kraft Cheese Company

eggs in wire baskets. Lower baskets of eggs carefully into water. Bring to boiling point. Then keep water at simmering temperature for 20 minutes. (Always test one egg from each basket to be sure that they are hard cooked before removing from stove.) Remove basket from water and let cold water run over eggs until they are cooled. To remove shell from egg crack all the way around; the shell should peel off easily. If cooked too long a dark greenish color develops between the yolk and the white. Remove shell just before using eggs. If shelled eggs must stand awhile, rub each lightly with oil so they will not dry and toughen. Allow 2 eggs to a serving, if the eggs are small. If the eggs are large, 3 halves will do.

EGGS A LA KING

2 dozen hard-cooked eggs	few grains cayenne
1/8 cup onions	1/2 teaspoon celery salt
2 small green peppers	1/4 cup pimientos, chopped
1/4 cup butter or margarine	1 cup ripe olives
2 quarts medium white sauce	25 slices toast

Cut the hard-cooked eggs in fourths lengthwise. Chop the onions and green

CHRISTIAN HERALD

pepper and cook in butter until tender. Make medium white sauce. Add the seasonings and the green pepper, onion and pimentos. Stone ripe olives; cut in pieces and add to sauce. Add the eggs, stirring them in very carefully. Heat. Serve at once on buttered toast from which crusts have been removed. Garnish with paprika and parsley. Yield: 25 servings (about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each).

EGGS STUFFED WITH MUSHROOMS

1½ cups sautéed fresh mushrooms	dash of cayenne pepper
1 tablespoon onion	1 tablespoon prepared mustard
¼ cup butter or margarine	¼ cup thin cream
25 hard-cooked eggs	1½ quarts medium white sauce
½ tablespoon salt	2 cups bread crumbs

Clean and peel mushrooms. Separate stems and caps. Sauté each separately in onion and butter. Cut the eggs in two lengthwise and remove yolks from halved eggs. Mash; add the seasonings, cream and sautéed mushroom stems. Add more seasoning if necessary. Refill whites with yolk mixture. Make 1½ quarts medium white sauce. Add sautéed mushroom caps. Place stuffed eggs in baking pans and pour white sauce over them. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) until



A lemon custard pie has all the sweetness of spring . . . and all the tang of winter

crumbs are browned, about 15 minutes. Serve 2 halves to a serving. Garnish with parsley. Yield: 25 servings.

Combine the eggs and the vegetable and serve a one dish meal that has both color and appetite appeal. But, also serve the salad.

SAVORY STRING BEANS

2 quarts white sauce	2 dozen hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped
1 pound American cheddar cheese, shredded	4 cups chopped onion
6 pounds cooked and lightly seasoned green beans	

Add $\frac{3}{4}$ of cheese to white sauce and stir until melted. Season with salt and pepper. Place the hot green beans in baking pans and cover with the cheese sauce. Sprinkle with the chopped eggs and onions, then with the remaining shredded cheese. Place under low broiler heat just long enough to melt the cheese. Yield: 25 servings. (Continued on page 65)

MAY 1943

"It's time someone took the child in hand!"



1. It isn't like Joe, my husband, to lose his temper with our youngster. But this day, when I came in from shopping, he was *really* upset. "This child," he said, "has *got* to learn to take his laxative without all this fuss and fighting. What's more, I'm going to *make* him take it."



2. Then I interrupted, "Wait, Joe. It's my fault for not telling you something I learned from the doctor just the other day. He said it's wrong to force bad-tasting medicine on a child. It can upset his whole nervous system."



3. "Well, the laxative we've been giving Johnny is bad-tasting and when I was shopping today I should have bought some Fletcher's Castoria. That's what the doctor suggested. He explained that it's pleasant-tasting, so children like it."



4. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. And he approves it because it's safe, yet effective. He told me it's gentle and mild, so it very seldom causes griping or upsets digestion. Let's go get a bottle now."



5. Our druggist praised Fletcher's Castoria, too. "I recommend it," he said, "not only for babies, but for youngsters up to 10 years. Especially, now, when colds are prevalent and there may be more need for a laxative."



6. I bought the money-saving Family Size, and we gave Johnny Fletcher's Castoria. One taste, and he took the whole spoonful, grinning. Joe was amazed. "All I wish, dear," he said, "is that you'd let me in on these things sooner!"

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Charles Fletcher CASTORIA
The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.



DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 40)

THURSDAY, APRIL 15

THE TRANSFORMED LIFE

"CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART."

READ PSALM 51

LUTHER BURBANK once demonstrated that the life of a plant could be broken up and its life forces turned into new channels, producing a new and much improved growth. If a gardener can thus transform a noxious plant into a veritable flower of paradise, as has been done over and over again, shall not God, by the gracious operation of his spirit, be able to change men, sunk in sin, and create within them clean hearts and renew right spirits within them?

Lord, Thou dost in Thy mercy freely forgive the sins of them that are penitent and dost give grace and strength to the humble. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16

THE NEARNESS OF GREAT DISCOVERIES

"WISDOM IS BEFORE HIM THAT HATH UNDERSTANDING."

READ PROVERBS 17

IN THE early days of gold mining in California, deep-level mining was customary. It seemed reasonable to suppose that gold always lay deep and the way to reach it beset with difficulties. Yet most deep-level mining proved an expensive failure. The largest and richest bodies of ore were found quite near the surface. Nearly thirty centuries ago a Biblical writer said: "Wisdom is before him that hath understanding; but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth."

Father, we thank Thee for every opportunity of service. May we never grow weary in well doing but rather may we find our deepest satisfaction in doing Thy will. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM

"EXCEPT SOME SHALL GUIDE ME."

READ ACTS 8:26-40

SOME insist that women are more changeable than men. Maybe—although we are not so sure. But there is no sin in changing one's mind; often it is a sign of growth both mental and spiritual. To cling tenaciously to one point of view does not necessarily mean strength. It may indicate sheer vanity or stubbornness or both. A great statesman once said: "They who boast that they never change their minds love themselves more than they love truth." Let us be loyal to truth but let us be sure it is loyalty and not stubbornness.

Keep alive in us, O God, all longings

Iafter a greater knowledge of Thee, all spiritual hunger and thirst after righteousness. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 18

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

"THESE THINGS UNDERSTOOD NOT HIS DISCIPLES."

READ JOHN 12:12-24

EVEN on that first Palm Sunday Jesus knew the way to life was through death. He said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." We are so familiar with that sentence that we are in danger of forgetting its message. But every spring all over our land from coast to coast we see the same miracle wrought, seed being buried in order that it might live.

Father we pray that Thou wilt give us strength to do Thy will even as Jesus did. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 19

SIN AND SUFFERING

"NOT AS I WILL, BUT AS THOU WILT."

READ MATTHEW 26:36-46

ONE of the greatest books of modern times is "Adam Bede" by George Eliot, whose real name was Mary Ann Evans. Although the daughter of a clergyman, Miss Evans was sceptical about some religious teaching. But about one thing she was sure; sin cannot be taken lightly nor go unpunished. Her own position is emphatically stated in a striking passage from "Adam Bede": "It is not worth doing wrong for nothing in the world is worth doing wrong for." This is the supreme lesson of Gethsemane; sin cannot go unpunished, someone must suffer. Throughout the Christian world this week millions will be thinking of Gethsemane.

Deepen within us, O God, all feelings of humility and penitence. May we turn aside even from the appearance of sin. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 20

THE STAR IN GOD'S WINDOW

"GOD GAVE . . . HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON."

READ JOHN 3:14-17

DURING the first World War a man and his boy were walking down the street when the little fellow noticed that in many windows there were flags with stars on; sometimes one or two or three, signifying the number of those who had been killed overseas. The lad was greatly interested as his father explained what they meant. Looking up to the sky he saw a star and exclaimed, "There's a star in God's window." To

this the father replied, "There is a star in God's window. He gave His only Son for us." During this Holy Week we must remember that God suffers. In all the afflictions of His people, He is afflicted.

Lord, in all the afflictions of Thy people, thou art afflicted. There is no experience through which we are called to pass that Thou hast not known. May this knowledge comfort us. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21

THE NARROW COMPASS

"GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD GLORY."

READ GALATIANS 6:14-18

DR. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER of Princeton was a great scholar and a distinguished Christian leader. During his long life he wrote many learned volumes on theological subjects and was much revered and beloved. He died on October 22, 1851. As he lay dying he said with characteristic humility and sincerity: "All my theology now is reduced to this narrow compass. This is a true and faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

Almighty God, we rejoice, not in any virtue we possess, but in the all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ for us. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22

CELEBRATING VICTORY

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

READ 1 CORINTHIANS 11:23-34

MEN celebrate their victories not their defeats. For more than half a century British survivors of the Crimean War met together to keep the memory of their victory green. But men do not celebrate their defeats. Frenchmen do not mark the anniversary of Waterloo nor do the British celebrate Bunker Hill. It is their victories they would remember. Christ deliberately asked men to remember—*his death*. The enemies of Christ thought that the Cross was His defeat; even His friends thought the same, but Jesus knew it was His victory.

Lord, we would enter into the inner room and shut the door that we might be alone with Thee. Grant to each of us some overwhelming vision of Thyself. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23

THE MAGNETISM OF THE CROSS

"WHERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM."

READ JOHN 19:1-19

THE late Rev. J. H. Jowitt tells of a visit he once paid to a famous European art gallery. Here is his account of it:

All sorts and conditions of people were there, rich and poor, well-dressed and beggarly, students and artisans, soldiers and sailors, young people just out of school, and old folk bowed with age—but without one single exception they stopped before one picture, and with silent reverence gazed upon it. It was a picture of Jesus upon the cross." Even the sceptic Rousseau said: "If the death of Socrates be that of a sage the life and death of Jesus were those of a God."

Lord, Thou didst come to us but we did not know the day of Thy visitation. Come to us again, and incline our hearts to receive Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24

WAS CHRIST A MARTYR?
"I LAY DOWN MY LIFE."
READ JOHN 10:1-18

THE martyr dies because he must, he has no say in it; Christ died because he would. The strong ruthless hands of violence snatch the martyr's life away from him, but no man had power to take Christ's life away from him. He said: "I lay it down of myself." The Son of Man was not dragged an unwilling sacrifice to the altar. Christ's death was something which he deliberately set out to achieve. "The Son of Man came . . . to give his life."

Father, Thy love passeth knowledge. All Thy thoughts to us are kind and tender and Thy blessed purpose is greater than all our prayers. We trust in Thy mercy. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25

THE LIVING CHRIST
"I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."
READ MATTHEW 28:1-20

EARLY one Easter Sunday morning the great Congregational divine, the Rev. R. W. Dale, was preparing his Easter message. Suddenly the truth flashed upon him, Jesus Christ is living. He is in this room. He will be with me in church and with the congregation. It came to him with such startling force that it gave tremendous power to his message. It made him one of the greatest evangelical forces of the nineteenth century. It was Dr. Dale who said, "Jesus Christ came not so much to preach the gospel but that by His death and resurrection there might be a gospel to preach." This is the glorious message of Easter.

Lord, Thou dost turn the shadow of death into morning light. We bless Thee for the gospel which hath brought life and immortality to light. Evermore reveal Thy presence to us. Amen.

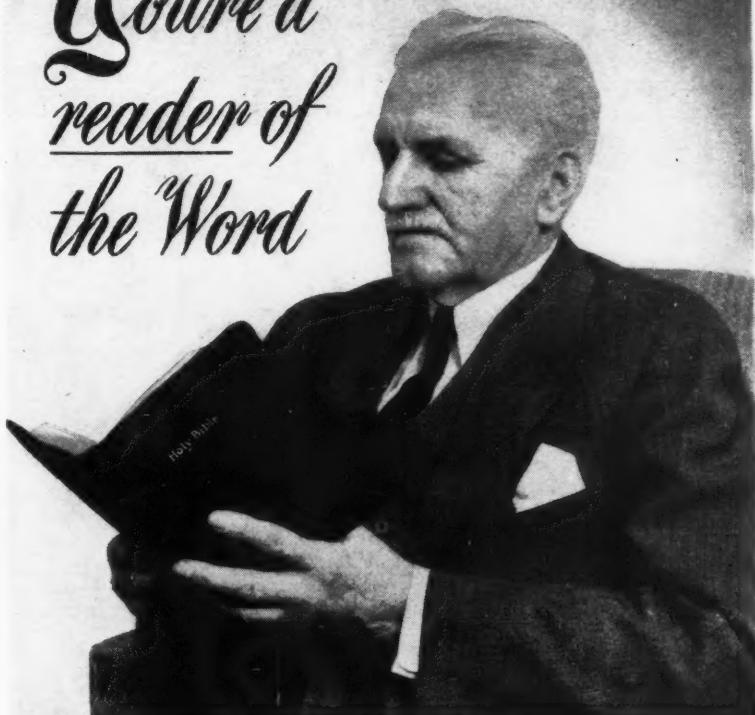
MONDAY, APRIL 26

THE CALL OF GOD
"COME YE AFTER ME."
READ MATTHEW 4:12-25

ONE man expressed his willingness to follow Jesus but only after he had attended to certain matters which he

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wished to clear up. The trouble with men of that type is that as soon as one duty is performed another crops up. The plain truth is that the way never seems perfectly clear, the more convenient season does not arrive. When the call of God comes to men they must venture; it is a time for courage and for faith.

Forgive us, Lord, that we have spent so much time in idly dreaming while opportunities of service lay near at hand. We pray, not for tasks suited to our strength, but for strength equal to our tasks. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 27

NO ARMISTICE WITH EVIL

"STAND AGAINST THE WILES OF THE DEVIL."

READ EPHESIANS 6:10-24

A FEW months ago a clergyman in London, who vigorously opposed social abuses that have paraded themselves under the guise of patriotism, had the windows of his church smashed and was threatened with personal violence. Another man, well known to the writer, was bluntly told recently that certain aspects of Christian teaching would have to be laid on the table "for the duration of the war." But there can be no armistice with evil. There are such things as right and wrong and we must be guided not by expediency or seeming advantage but by Christian standards.

Lord, make us sensitive to the approach of evil. May we know Thy will and give us grace and courage to follow where Thou dost lead us. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28

UNSUSPECTED POSSIBILITIES

"THERE IS A SPIRIT IN MAN."

READ GENESIS 28:10-22

THERE seems to be little life in gardens in the early spring; after winter days everything appears dead. In reality it is not so. Seeds are swelling and within the barks of apparently dead trees there is as much agitation and life as on a busy city street. Sap is flowing and every fibre is tingling with movement. All that is needed is a little rain, sun and wind, and beautiful blossoms will be followed by lovelier flowers. We are too easily deceived by outward appearances. Jacob once exclaimed: "The Lord is in this place and I knew it not." We often have to say: "The Lord is in this man and I knew it not."

Thou art the friend of sinners, O Christ. Thou dost believe in those who have ceased to believe in themselves. May we also have that love which hopeth all things. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 29

WAITING FOR THE WORD

"THE ISLES WAIT FOR HIS LAW."

READ ISAIAH 42:1-16

ALL successful missionaries and evangelists have had one thing in common: they have known that the religious

sense in man was deep even when appearances might not indicate this. They believed in people. It is not the task of the Christian Church to create hunger for God; it is already there. Every heathen altar bears witness to the fact. Christ was in China, in Africa, India and the Isles of the Sea before any missionary set foot there. The Prodigal Son returned to his father because he was homesick. There is such a thing as being spiritually homesick. That is why men can never find happiness in sin.

Lord, Thou hast awakened in every heart longings and yearnings and strivings after Thyself. Help us that we may lead men to Thee, who alone canst satisfy. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30

THE PERIL OF POPULARITY

"WHEN ALL MEN SPEAK WELL OF YOU."

READ LUKE 6:20-27

SOME time ago two political leaders addressed the students of a state university. One speaker advised his hearers to keep their ears to the ground; to study the spirit of the times and be guided by popular sentiment. The other man urged the students to have fixed principles rooted in sound conviction and to abide by them whatever the consequences. The desire to win popular approval is only human and it is not altogether unhealthy but if it becomes the ruling passion in life it can become a dangerous thing. There is such a thing as right and wrong. We must abide by the right though the heavens fall.

Lord, cleanse us from evil and prepare our hearts to receive Thy truth. Give us wisdom and courage to obey Thy will. Amen.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 12) temperance program and of launching our next militant campaign.

May we have the answers to the following questions? (Please clip and mail.) Do you favor:

1. A campaign for war-time Prohibition? Yes No
2. A campaign prohibiting all liquor advertising, including radio and billboards? Yes No
3. A campaign to take private profit out of liquor? Yes No
4. A campaign of strict regulation and control rather than of Prohibition? Yes No
5. Temperance education for total abstinence? Yes No

For more than a year now we have been quietly canvassing the nation, asking these questions across America, discussing this imperative issue with Christian leaders, laymen and ministers. Now we broaden the scope of our questionnaire to include the entire *Christian Herald* family. When you have spoken then will a true cross-section of America have declared its conviction and purpose.

(Continued from page 25)

Mother of Mine," which John McCormack introduced and which became an international favorite.

Though many people think that Mr. Burleigh ranks fairly high as a composer, he is apt to belittle his ability along this line by referring to his compositions as "just a few songs." But he is really proud of his voice which more than any other has recreated so many of the old Negro spirituals and set them in a permanent niche of American music. He never seems to weary of relating how these songs sprang spontaneously from an untutored people in bondage, a people who, despite the tragedy of their lives, never lost their faith and good cheer and put them into these jubilee songs or spirituals. "These people had a great gift of melody and voice," he says, "and perhaps even more important, they also had a great gift of memory. Once a song was composed and sung among a group it was never forgotten but handed down from generation to generation. These are the real folk songs of America. Yes, I know the Indians have folk songs, too, but the Indians have remained among themselves. They have never become a part of the living stream that is America, the Negro has."

Mr. Burleigh himself may be called a great Christian, for his church is a vital part of his life. He has never used liquor, and 26 years ago he gave up tobacco for Lent, and hasn't smoked since. Religion and religious music, especially those great expressions of faith and hope, the Negro spirituals, are a real part of his workaday life. His concert-tour days are over, but his life is still wrapped up in music; he is one of the music editors of Ricordi's, the world's largest music house. Nor has he ever lost his original thrill in making a musical manuscript.

Almost every year is enriched with a new spiritual arrangement from Mr. Burleigh's pen. Not only does he love doing these for the sake of the music, but also for the sake of the better understanding which he believes a true appreciation of these songs brings about between the Negro and the white race. Recently Mr. Burleigh selected one of John Oxenham's poems "In Christ There Is No East or West," which he set to the music of an old spiritual called "The Angels Done Changed My Name." It was sung for the first time in 1939 at the annual service of the American Hymn Society, held in Riverside Church, New York. The new hymnal of the Episcopal Church will include this hymn, and Mr. Burleigh hopes that it may also find a place in other hymnals. He is especially fond of the third verse. It is a moving experience to hear him sing it as he accompanies himself on the piano. His kindly face turns slightly upward. There is just a faint trace of a smile on his lips, and his eyes seem to be seeing something in the distance as his rich melodious voice sings that third verse:

Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be.
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

"That is what we are all striving for, isn't it?" he asks with a smile.

APRIL 1943

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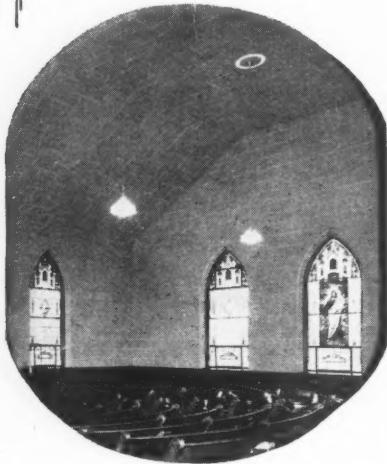
2 ACTS AS MILD LAXATIVE. So gentle that it does not upset the system and leave you feeling "all wrung out". Take it any time of the day because it does not act with embarrassing urgency. Many physicians recommend it for young children. There is no better mild laxative.



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(Continued from page 22)

So that was what Pete had been doing—praying! Ham and I stared at each other; for this went deeper than even the pup; we'd always taught Pete he could go to the Lord about things as easily as he could come to us. And now if the Lord failed him and anything did happen to Trouble . . . "Hammy," I wailed. "What are we going to do?"

Ham kissed me. "Nothing," he said. "Maybe the kid's right."

But maybe he wasn't too. I asked, "What time is Jim coming for us tomorrow to take us to the country?"

"Ten," Ham said.

I didn't sleep much that night. Pete had gone to sleep calmly enough but he'd asked if Trouble could sleep under his blue iron crib. He'd never been allowed to sleep in the nursery before but tonight I didn't have the heart to say no. So when I went in just before daylight when it gets colder, to cover Pete up again, Trouble's tail thumped on the floor under the crib. I stood there a moment listening to Pete breathe. What on earth could we say if Trouble did have to go after Pete had prayed? I stood there so long, Trouble came to see what was the matter. His nose was cold and wet in my hand but his body was rough and warm against my leg, comforting. Funny little pup.

Ham merely told Pete next morning that he and the rest of us were going with Uncle Jim for a trip into the country and Pete was joyous when he found Trouble could go too. But Trouble himself acted uneasy. Whether dogs have psychic antennae that warn them when danger is closing in, I don't know, but he whined and wriggled at the back door until Pete let him out and pretty soon we heard him barking at the ashman and the cans rattling. Pete had to stay to have his ears washed.

Jim came right on the dot of ten. I thought he looked uneasy and when Pete catapulted against his big knee and begged for him and Trouble to sit on the front seat, Jim got red and said, well, Sophrony was going for the ride too. "So," I thought, "she doesn't trust him when it comes to the show-down." I said to Jim too sweetly, "We haven't told Pete anything yet." Jim flushed still deeper, and I didn't care.

But Pete didn't feel the undercurrent of tension, as he usually does. He rushed to the back door and called, "Here, Trouble. Come on. We gotta go. Here, Trouble!"

But for the first time since he came to the parsonage, Trouble didn't answer Pete's call.

"The back gate's open!" Pete yelled. "He's gone!" He shot out the back door with the rest of us pouring after him, in time to see him rush up to the ashman standing there in the alley. Pete yelled up to him, anxiously, "You seen a black and white dog, Mister?"

"Was that a dog? I almost put him in the rubbish can." Then the very real anguish on Pete's face got through to the man, for he stopped grinning and pointed down the alley. "He went that way, Kid. Chasing a yaller cat."

Chasing a yaller cat . . . oh my goodness . . .

And then everything seemed to happen at once. Sophrony's back gate flew open

and she rushed out in a yellow dressing gown and began to peer anxiously up and down the alley; and when she saw us she ran up and cried, "Sweetheart's gone! I put her in the front room so she wouldn't see me getting ready to go off and leave her, and the screen's out and she's gone. . . ." She stared at our appalled faces—for all of us knew what yellow cat Trouble must be chasing—as she grabbed at Jim's big arm and shook it.

"Something's happened to Sweetheart! Oh what is it?"

She had cold cream all over her face, but with her eyes flashing that way, she was lovely and I didn't blame Jim, but still . . .

"Here's Trouble!" Pete roared happily. "There's Trouble!"

It was Trouble, all right. He was trotting up the alley. He had something in his mouth . . . oh glory, he'd done it up brown this time . . . Sweetheart's limp yellow body was hanging from his mouth.

"He's killed her! He bit me and now he's killed her!" When Sophrony began to run down the alley toward them, the yellow dressing gown ballooning behind, Trouble stopped and began to back away apprehensively, and Ham warned, "Easy, Sophrony. Don't scare him. Call Trouble, Son."

"Here, Trouble! C'mon, Pouchy!" I listened, heartsick to Pete's high, flute-like call, for it was only a matter of seconds now until he would have to be told that Trouble had to go. If only I'd known how prophetic that silly name would be, I thought wildly, I'd have sent him to the Animal Rescue League that first day. . . . Trouble was edging nearer, nearer . . . "Good dog," Pete said.

When Trouble dropped Sweetheart at Pete's feet, Sophrony swooped down and clasped him to her yellow bosom. One leg hung down limp from her hand, but thank goodness, the cat wasn't dead for it wailed pitifully. Sophrony cried to Jim, "You go in right now and 'phone for the police to come and shoot that . . ." she shuddered, "that beast!"

"Any of youse know a Reverend Smith around here?" a nasal voice inquired before anyone could move. We'd been too engrossed to notice the striped delivery truck rattling up behind us in the alley but now we all looked at the driver high up on his seat. "That your cat, Ma'am?" he asked Sophrony clutching Sweetheart. "I slammed on the brakes but it ran right at me . . . I hope it ain't hurt bad. Bad luck to kill a cat."

No one said a word. We couldn't. The driver went on. "There was another truck right behind me and the cat woulda been killed sure, if that black pooch hadn't pulled her away by the hind leg . . . that your dog, too Ma'am?"

"He's mine, Trouble is!" said Pete proudly as he knelt down on the alley pavement and put his arms around Trouble's sausage neck and the pup made a little welcoming sound in his throat like a language between them. . . . "He's an awful smart dog, Trouble is. He's a trick dog!" He lifted blue eyes as big as saucers and laid his cheek against Trouble's neck. "I prayed the Lord to let me keep him and He said, 'O.K.'"

If you have faith like a grain of mustard seed, I thought . . . oh Pete. But Sophrony was doing more than thinking

Her face had been going red and white but now she slid right down beside Pete; Sweetheart was cuddled into one arm but she put her free hand on Trouble and her yellow dressing gown blossomed over the dirty alley pavement.

"Pete," she said. "I . . . I'm sorry. He's a wonderful dog! Do you think he'd like a nice thick steak?"

"'N a dog house," Pete said, beaming. "All we got is an orange crate."

Jim said, "If the preacher's pup needs a dog house, it's certainly up to the parsonage committee to get him one, isn't it, Sophrony?"

They beamed at each other over Pete's ecstatic head and Trouble looking up into his idol's face, barked joyously; but the driver's bored voice asked again, "Any of youse know the Reverend Smith? I gotta mattress here for him. And curtains. And a tea kettle."

The committee had ordered every single thing Pete had asked for! Why, bless them! I put my hand proudly on Ham's arm. "This is the Reverend Smith," I said. "He . . . we live five doors down. Come, Pete." So we made a triumphant procession back to the parsonage, Ham and Pete and Trouble and I.

CONVICT'S WIFE

(Continued from page 23)

farther on ahead.

With deep sense of personal shame, not to be allayed by words, I gathered as many of the group as could be crowded into the car, and taxied them to their meager shanty beyond the city limits. They lived on the top floor of an unpainted house. Unendurable as the heat was, I knew it was at least ten degrees hotter on that third floor directly under the thin roof.

I apologized as gracefully as I could for having passed by the weary family, occupied only with my own comfort. They accepted my apology with mumbled words and tired voices. They were not greatly impressed by my apology nor were they over-joyous at the lift. Their faces were stony, as though their hearts were deeply sad. I felt that the little mother faced her lonely task of making some sort of living and rearing her children, unable to take pride in her husband or to hold her head high among her friends, without cheerfulness and without hope.

I did not hear the poor woman utter a syllable. I had no opportunity to discover her qualities of mind, to learn of what sort had been her education, if any, nor to listen while she recounted her plans and resources for the future. I know nothing about her, not even her name.

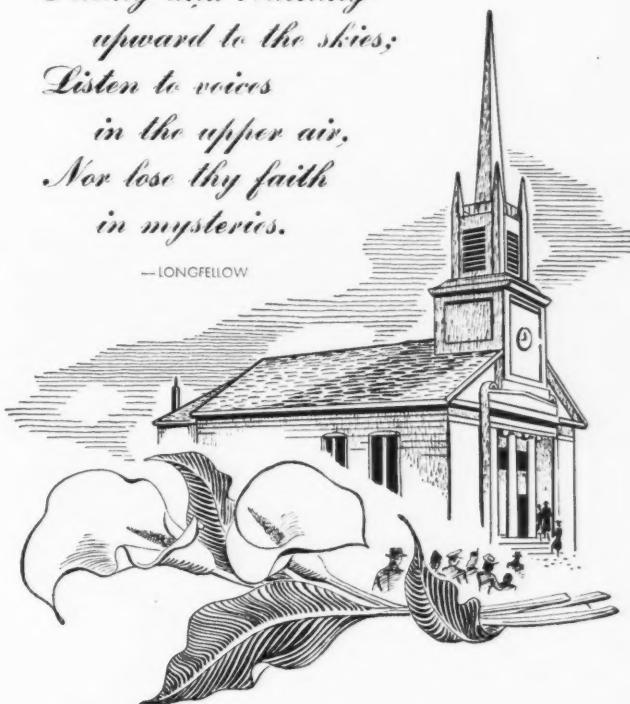
I only know that she walked nine miles in tropical heat, carrying a baby in her arms, small, weary children complaining at her side, to bring her husband cheer. Whatever value he had once been to his family, he could no longer be. He had been their livelihood, now he was little more than their shame. Yet she had gone to him, discounting the obstacles.

When I am tempted to grow weary in the service of the Lord, and shallow in His love, I shall remember this under-nourished, poorly-dressed, uneducated woman and the uncomplaining quality of her sacrificial loyalty.

APRIL 1943

*Build on, and make
thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching
upward to the skies;
Listen to voices
in the upper air,
Nor lose thy faith
in mysteries.*

—LONGFELLOW



Truly, the Easter Season, of all seasons known to man, is the time we cling to our faith in Mysteries. The longing for Peace, the hope of a better world, the sacred promise of Everlasting Life; all these are blended in our hearts and expressed in the glorious chords of Alleluias.

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By Chester Warren Quimby



APRIL 4 PETER AND JOHN BECOME DISCIPLES OF JESUS

MARK 1: 16-20. JOHN 1: 29-42

Scene I: The shore of Lake Galilee. *Time:* Early morning. *Persons:* Peter and Andrew, knee deep in water, fishing. Enter Jesus, who stops to watch them. Each of the fishermen has a large, cone-shaped casting net, weighted with bits of lead about its wide, circular lower edge. These nets they fold up fan-wise, then giving a vigorous twirl so the nets open out suddenly into a great conical trap, splash them quickly into the lake. Pulling on a string which closes the bottom, they wade ashore, open the nets and remove the few fish that have been entangled. Again, and once again, Peter and Andrew wade out, cast their nets, and return to the beach. It is slow, dull work, with small reward. Finally Jesus speaks.

Jesus: Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.

All three converse together briefly. Then Peter and Andrew fold up their nets, throw them over their shoulders, and the three set off along the shore. Before long Jesus stops by a boat beached on the shingle. Its sail is down, the oars at rest. In the boat sit two brothers, James and John, mending their huge dragnet. Again Jesus speaks.

Jesus: Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.

Like Peter and Andrew, they too fold their nets. Leaving them in the boat, they start after Jesus.

Scene II: By the banks of the Jordan river. *Time:* Mid-afternoon. John the Baptist dressed in his rough camel's hair tunie is preaching to the crowds. Close by him stand two of his disciples, one of whom is the Galilean fisherman, Andrew. Looking over the crowd, John spies Jesus of Nazareth walking, and points him out to the two disciples.

John: Behold, the Lamb of God!

Looking in the direction Jesus is walking, Andrew and the other disciple of John set out after him. Jesus, perceiving their approach, turns about.

Jesus: What seek ye?

Andrew: Rabbi, where abidest thou?

Jesus: Come, and ye shall see.

The three set off together.

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE to reconcile these two scenes into a neatly unified

story. Fortunately, it is not necessary. Letting each story stand, certain observations are possible.

First: The parting from their nets by Peter, Andrew, James and John could not have been as abrupt as the story indicates. Men do not walk off at the beck of total strangers. These men had a living to make. They had investments in nets and boats. Peter at least had a family to support. Plans and provision had to be made to cover these obligations. It is plain that Jesus was already well known along Galilee's shores. People were speculating concerning him. These fishermen knew him. Evidently they sensed something unusual in him or they would not have left all.

Second: Their ideas of him were elementary. They had no full-blown theology of Jesus. They did not yet know him as the eternal Son of God, nor even as the promised Messiah. He was but a man of extraordinary promise. Herein lies the heroism of their adventure. With no surety of the future, with no certainty of his ability to fulfill their expectations, they cast their lot with him.

FOR TODAY: We are to have three months with Peter and John. In essence their lives outline the experiences every Christian must cover. Theirs is the basic Christian biography of us all. This point will be stressed repeatedly in these dozen lessons. Here is the first fact. Every Christian must start where Peter and John began—by getting acquainted with Jesus. Not theologically at first, but personally. Anyone can do that today if he will read the gospels. They have the strange power not only to tell about Jesus, but to bring you into his presence. Once in his presence, you must do exactly as Peter and John: leave all and follow. You must give him your absolute allegiance. Then your Christian life is begun!

APRIL 11 PETER AND JOHN WITNESS CHRIST'S GLORY

MARK 9: 2-8

THIS PASSAGE on Jesus' Transfiguration should be gazed upon as if it were an ancient painting. There is no way to explain or modernize this story. It is plainly an artistic picturing of an extraordinary realization of Jesus' glory that came to Peter and John.

Its central meaning is Peter's and

John's consciousness of Jesus' heavenly glory. "This is my beloved Son . . . And . . . they saw . . . Jesus only." They saw Jesus as beyond all other men. Neither Moses nor Elijah nor any other ancient man of God was comparable to the Galilean carpenter. He is supreme.

This was a remarkable achievement for these practical and sometimes skeptical fishermen. Remember, they had begun by perceiving in a village artisan some exceptional but unknown qualities. Sensing under his ordinary exterior some impelling greatness, they had gone to work with him.

Now after long months His glory was suddenly revealed to them. Here at His Transfiguration it dawned upon them that He might be something more than a Jewish prophet and religious teacher. No longer did Moses, Elijah and the prophets stand so tall upon the horizon. Jesus outshone them all in his glory.

This entrancing experience of Jesus' glory is the next *must* in every Christian's biography. Having started, as did they, to follow the great Galilean, the full glory of Jesus must somewhere along the way burst upon him. He must see Jesus not only as a Master to follow, but as Lord to be adored. Only so can he, too, come to compelling power. With him also it must be "Jesus only."

Actually, this history of Peter and John has been the story of every effective saint. They have seen the transfigured Jesus. Paul upon the Damascus road, and St. Francis in the little chapel at Assisi. Those who knew the late Bishop McDowell realized immediately that here was one to whom Christ was all and in all.

FOR TODAY: This is perhaps the most needed of Christian experiences. That we behold "His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth."

APRIL
18

PETER AND JOHN IN
GETHSEMANE
MATT. 26, 36-46

GETHSEMANE EPITOMIZES Jesus' sufferings. We are apt to place the climax of his agonies on the cross. Even more, we are prone to forget that all his ministry was living sacrifice. Jesus' life, like his seamless robe, was woven all of a piece. His whole ministry was an unbroken self-giving for the diseases, sorrows and sins of men. While the climax of his physical sufferings came in the pains of the cross, his mental struggle reached its zenith in the dark garden of Gethsemane. On Calvary he yielded his body, in Gethsemane he surrendered his life.

Gethsemane pictures a bitter struggle. The Mount of Olives is 2500 feet above sea level, and the night was cold, for later Peter was glad to warm himself by a fire. It was the time of full moon, but the night apparently was cloudy for the officers sent to arrest Jesus took lanterns to light the way. Olivet is stony and steep.

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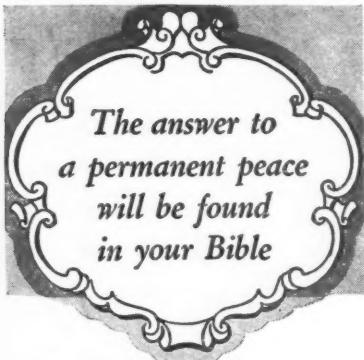
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Somewhere on its slanting slope, under the olive trees, Jesus was in an agonizing struggle of soul. Cold as it was, he sweat. Along the steep and stony slope he stumbled. For the Greek does not say as our Bibles read, that he knelt down to pray. It says that he "kept falling to the ground"—he stumbled about. He was battling to surrender himself. Only after a terrible fight could he bring himself to submission. Then, as always after a stern conflict, came peace.

Most of this went on while the disciples slept. They missed realizing the sufferings of Christ. Missing Gethsemane, they also failed to perceive the meaning of Calvary. One can excuse them. They were bewildered. They were exhausted. They did not understand. But the fact stands that then and there all progress stopped for them. Having missed the sufferings of Christ, they remained limp, powerless and useless. Not until Pentecost had wrought in them a vivid reality of Christ's sufferings, did they come to joy, peace and power.

FOR TODAY: This full realization of Jesus' sufferings is an absolute demand upon all Christians. It must be a vital experience in every Christian's biography. Somewhere along the way he must stand as did Peter and John in Gethsemane, *but with his eyes and heart wide open*. There must come to him the painful, humiliating and glad realization that "Christ died for me"—*for me!* It is not enough to know that He sweat in Gethsemane twenty centuries ago. It is not enough to believe that He surrendered His life on Olivet for the sins of the whole world. It must burst upon him with humiliating glory, that all the struggle, surrender and sacrifice is for *me*.

APRIL

25

THE RISEN LORD

JOHN 20: 1-17

IT WAS AN EXCITING morning. Mary was running. So were Peter and "the other disciple." Mary ran to spread the alarm that Jesus' tomb was open. Had grave-robbers stolen in? Peter ran to investigate and "the other disciple" outran him. Nicodemus had contributed "a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds" for Jesus' embalming. With these spices his body had been bound with linen cloths. Covetous eyes may have noted the valued spices and fine cloth. Hence all this running.

This in itself is remarkable. Little running occurs in the Holy Land. The narrow city streets do not permit it. Flapping clothes do not encourage it. Steep hills and stony paths make it hazardous. A clock-less world does not necessitate it. Oriental dignity forbids it. But Mary, Peter and "the other disciple" were running. The open tomb compelled it. They found His body gone. At once the excitement wilts and the story collapses. "For as yet they knew not . . . that he must rise again from the dead." Hope betrayed. Nothing left. "So the disciples went away again unto their own homes"—walking. All need of hurry was over.

Or so they believed. Having no hope of resurrection, they were at a stand-still. With no future, there was only a return

to the past. Soon they would be in Galilee again—fishing. Not until Jesus' resurrection became a living reality to them and they knew Him to be alive, did joy return, hope revive and power begin.

FOR TODAY: This is another *must* in every Christian's biography. Just as Peter and "the other disciple" came to effective power only by an experience of the living Christ, so does any Christian. It must be more than a knowledge that long ago Jesus rose. It must be the surprising joy that He is risen and living in you now. Paul, who was so sure of Christ's sufferings, was equally certain of his risen power. "It was the good pleasure of God . . . to reveal his Son in me." In his own way, in his own soul this must happen to every Christian.

One Easter season I worshipped in a glorious church, new, expensive, brilliant. The center of attention in the quietly lighted sanctuary was a great golden cross of extraordinary beauty. An unseen light focusing upon it made it the brightest object in the building. Its shining carried into every distant corner. Its radiance caught you as you entered. Wherever you sat, or whenever you moved, its shining followed and held you. That cross would not let you go.

But I did not like it. The cross was never meant to be a shining jewel or an architectural ornament. Originally it was just an ugly, bloody, spike-driven crossing of rough wood. It was never to be adored, it was to be carried. It was not to be turned into a creation of ornamental beauty, but was a summons to suffering sacrifice. Here, alas, in Christ's own church, we were desecrating his cross.

Day after day I had to sit there in the haunting radiance of that cross. One could not ignore it. Its glory became so overpowering, one felt one should back out from its shining, as from royalty. Then suddenly the truth burst upon me! Of course! Jesus' resurrection had changed the cross! It had changed everything: the cross from cruelty to glory, His life from defeat to victory, our mortality to immortality, our sinfulness to sainthood! Let the Cross shine! "He ever liveth!"

Worker's Wish

When the day is ended,
Lord, I would look back,
As the twilight shadows
Veil my traveled track,
Knowing I have labored
With the golden sun,
And that night is finding
All my tasks well-done.

When the day is dying
And the stars lean low,
Lord, though worn and weary,
I would laugh at woe,
Knowing I have striven
To advance God's plan,
As I eased the burdens
Of a fellowman.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer

(Continued from page 28)

go with you. You might get hurt or lost." "I can take care of myself. All I'm thinking about is the weather. It's as hot and sultry as August, and Gramp said he looks for showers before night; so I'll go early and be back before dinner. Put a little starch in that muslin dress, will you?"

Ten minutes later, a tin collecting-box and trowel in hand, Elva walked quickly up the road until she reached a woodland trail that branched off up the mountain. "The janitor said if there were any on Deerwander they would be in the Gulch, and to the Gulch I'm going," Elva said resolutely. "I know the way well enough."

The Gulch was a deep cleft in the mountainside, the work of a stream which had, by the erosion of centuries, created the picturesque ravine. Elva remembered that, as a child, it had been a great treat to jog along in the buckboard beside her grandfather, up through the fresh May green of the woodland the two miles to the Gulch, always returning with a fine mess of trout for supper. At all times the stream, fed by never-failing springs near the peak of Deerwander, was swift, but in the time of melting snow and ice, or when heavy rains swelled its frothing current, it was a roaring torrent, cutting ever deeper its narrow, rocky channel.

Elva reached the lower end of the Gulch, tired and perspiring. It was intensely hot and sultry. The air was stifling; and not a sign of breeze stirred the pines. "You'd think dog-days were back again!" grumbled Elva. After drinking of the clear water, and bathing her flushed face, she felt somewhat refreshed. She made her way up the narrow margin of the stream, searching each sheltered nook along the sides of the Gulch for rare ferns.

She soon bent over a slender cliff brake fern, tucked away behind a boulder that she was certain no one of the class had collected.

"Oh, what a find! I am glad I came," she exulted. "This is certainly my lucky day! Now if only I could find a walking fern."

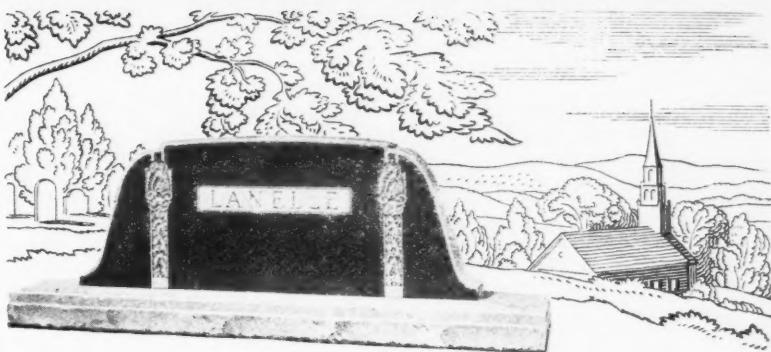
Thinking of her triumph when she should return to school, Elva forgot time and place. She was so absorbed in her search that she ignored the oppressive heat, and was only reminded of the distance from home when a rumble of thunder reverberated through the Gulch.

But just then, upon a projecting shelf, she caught sight of a bluish-green mat of foliage, which to her intense satisfaction, as she climbed up and bent over it, she identified as walking ferns.

"At last! And about time!" panted Elva. Hastily opening her collecting-box, she set to work with trowel and fingers, tracing a slender frond from one plant to where it rooted in the damp earth, starting a second plant, and so earning the name of walking fern.

Elva selected a group of three connected plants and, carefully uprooting them, transferred them with a little damp moss, to her box. As she snapped down the cover, a blinding flash of light was followed by a shattering roar of thunder which seemed to shake the ledge on which she knelt.

Elva sprang to her feet in terror. She



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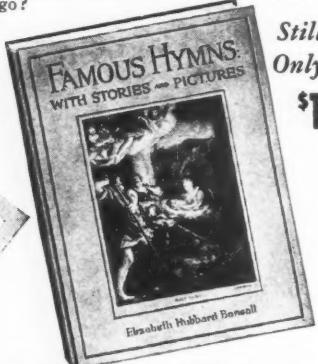
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was near the upper end of the Gulch and now for the first time stopped to look at the peak which towered high above. Dense black clouds rested on its head.

Elva realized her danger. She had heard many stories of disaster from sudden storms in the Gulch. With a parting, awestruck glance at the mighty cloud conflict raging above the mountain top, she clambered down to the stream bed and fled as swiftly as the rough going would permit.

The spreading clouds had shut out the sun and, in the dusk, an ominous silence seemed to descend upon the ravine. Birds darted swiftly across her path. A rabbit shot past her, fleeing in erratic bounds. With increasing frequency the lightning stabbed through the dusk, and incessant thunder roared.

Panting in the murky heat, and terrified at the fast-gathering storm, Elva ran beside the stream, stumbling over rocks, and tearing through bushes in her flight. She had not gone far when the rain came pelting down with a force which beat unmercifully upon her uncovered head and thinly clad shoulders, bewildering and confusing her until she hardly knew in which direction to flee. Once she stopped, with upraised, shielding arm, and looked longingly at the shelter offered by a close-growing thicket on the precipitous side of the Gulch, but common sense urged her forward.

"I must get out of this ravine, away from the stream," she whispered to herself. "I must. And I can never climb those cliffs."

The deepening peals of thunder suddenly ceased, and not a flash of lightning lit the gorge. The sudden calm was startling, more ominous, it seemed to Elva, than the preceding uproar. She turned in the beating rain and looked up at the peak. The storm could not be decreasing, she reasoned, for the clouds were blacker than before. Suddenly, as she looked, a column of fire shot from the clouds. A sharp crash of sound seemed to shake the earth, and Elva saw water pour from the clouds in a flood.

"It's a cloudburst!" she cried aloud in terror. "It will sweep everything before it! Oh, where shall I hide?"

She turned and ran for her life, fear giving her new strength. She clambered over rocks that bruised her, dodged under fallen logs, and tore through impeding underbrush which seemed to snatch at her clothes with malicious, detaining fingers.

"I am afraid," she kept whispering to herself. "I am afraid."

She cast a terrified glance over her shoulder as a rushing and crashing sound swelled louder behind her. She saw a wall of seething, drift-laden water roaring down the narrow gorge, filling it from side to side, uprooting trees and hurling rocks before it as it bore down upon her.

To hope to outrun such a flood would be folly. Elva cast a despairing glance at the cliffs that shut her in. A little farther down she caught sight of a jutting ledge or shelf of rock at the base of a fissure some ten feet from the ground. From the fissure grew a gnarled pine. It was only a few moments before Elva had clambered up to the ledge and was clinging desperately to the sturdy trunk of the pine.

She had scarcely locked her arms

around the tree when the flood was upon her. She was almost wrenched from her desperate hold by the rush and surge of it. The tough pine was shaken to its roots, and its heavy branches snapped like clay pipe stems. Elva, submerged, battered, smothered, knew a log had struck the weakened tree. She felt its convulsive shudder, felt its roots give, and realized that it was falling. As the flood swept onward, the water lowered, and Elva caught a strangling breath of air. Instinctively she tried to move; but a thick branch of the fallen tree held her down. Then in a moment more the roaring flood had passed on. Elva, gasping and choking, felt a profound gratitude that she was still alive. For a time she lay quiet, too spent and dazed even to brush away the wet locks of hair which had fallen over her eyes.

Presently she shivered. "Why, I'm cold, this hot day," she said to herself. "It's my wet clothes. I must hurry home and change." She tried to rise, but something unyielding held her down. She attempted to turn over, but succeeded only in turning her head and shoulders. Her right arm, flung over her head, was free, and she swept the hair from her eyes. A little light filtered in around the pine trunk, and she could see dimly. Broken pine boughs and drift hemmed her in completely. The niche in the cliff had been a most fortunate refuge, else she would have been swept along by the force of the flood.

Elva pushed away the boughs from about her head and again endeavored to rise to her feet. Then slowly she realized what had happened. The pine, in falling, had brought down a small avalanche of earth and stones from the wide crevice into which its roots had penetrated, and she was literally buried beneath the debris.

The thought struck new terror to her heart. She began to struggle against the weight that inexorably pressed her down, and to beat with her free hand—the left arm was pinned down beneath her—against the heaped drift and weight of earth and stones. It was like trying to push aside prison walls. That she had not been crushed by the weight was due to the fact that the tree trunk, partially upheld by its splintered branches, had somewhat protected her.

She lay quiet and exhausted for a few minutes, trying to think, to plan, and then her wild terror returned. There was a choked feeling in her throat. She screamed aloud for help.

She thought of her grandfather and Nancy. Surely the storm would make them fearful for her safety; and they would come to look for her. Nancy knew that she was on the mountain somewhere, though not that she was going to the Gulch. Perhaps even now they were hunting and calling; she must be still and listen. The thought comforted her a little and she ceased her vain struggling.

Then she began to think of her home folks. She could not believe that she would never see any of them again. She would think instead of Nancy's courage and persistence in the search, and how joyfully they would all welcome her back. She could hear Lynnie's light feet running upstairs and down in willing ministrations; see warm-hearted little Penny bringing

her most treasured dolls for her comfort; sense the solicitude of her grandfather. Had she ever appreciated the affection shown her?

A thousand little incidents of the past year flashed before her awakened conscience. There beneath the fallen tree Elva looked herself in the face. It was something she had never done in all the sixteen years of her life.

Had she been kind and grateful to the grandparents who had loved, and sacrificed so much for her? Rather, she had gone her own selfish way and had done nothing to repay her debts of affection and service. She had always been a little envious of Nancy—the cousin with the flashing smile, the greater talents, the quick sympathies. She could see now how she had added to Nancy's burdens; how indifferent, even unkind she had been to her small cousins. "How could I have been so blind!" sobbed Elva. "If I could only go back and start over!" And an anguished little prayer for another chance went up from a newly-awakened heart.

It was before mid-afternoon that Elva heard voices, faint and far away. At first, she believed the sounds to be the noises of the stream cascading down its rocky bed. Soon, however, to her great joy, she could plainly distinguish Nancy's clear voice shouting, "Elva! Oh, Elva!"

"Help! help!" Elva cried over and over. Her voice, weak and faint, was smothered by the debris heaped about her. She knew it could not reach the rescuers.

But there were keener ears than human ones in the Gulch. The brush before the imprisoned girl crackled. Suddenly Samp's battle-scarred head, with its lop-ears and heavy jowls, was thrust through an opening, and his cold nose touched her face. In another moment, his deep-toned baying brought her grandfather scrambling over the rocks, with Nancy at his heels.

"Here she is! The Lord be praised!" cried the excited old man, flinging broken branches right and left.

"I thought you'd never come!" sobbed Elva, as Nancy's arm enfolded her.

With exclamations of pity and thankfulness, the rescuers set vigorously to work, digging away earth and stones. Soon they had Elva out in the sunshine, propped against a boulder. The loving, anxious care lavished upon her was as warming to the girl's thankful heart as the summer's warmth to her chilled, numbed body.

"God has been very good to us," her grandfather said reverently, after Elva had told, in broken snatches, something of what had happened.

With Nancy's supporting arm around her, Elva was soon able to clamber out of the Gulch. With frequent rests, the three made the return journey down the mountainside.

"I've been given a chance to make it up to them all," Elva whispered softly to herself, when once again she was in her own room in the old brown house. Her tired mind strayed off to something Professor Channing had once read at a morning assembly, "Selfishness is a living burial."

With a peaceful face she turned toward the open window. Over the shoulder of Deerwander Mountain the sun was setting in golden splendor.

(To be continued)

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(Continued from page 36)

in an Indian village, is the liaison officer between his organization, from which comes financial support, and the rural center.

When I asked Dr. Alcantara what the most prevalent diseases were, he said: "Rheumatism and goiter are the worst, but we are also plagued with typhoid, dysentery, whooping cough and tuberculosis." In order to combat disease through better housing and sanitation, a model house has been erected. That little three-room home is one of the most promising experiments of the Center. Built of adobe at the amazingly low cost of \$21, its primary purpose was to get a family of four off the ground into folding cots topped by corn husk mattresses. Hard by in the little village of Ixcatepec where 25 families live, nearly everybody sleeps on the damp earth floor—thus inviting rheumatism and various other diseases. In addition to a floor, the house has a small kitchen with a chimney, a tiny enclosed bathroom, built-in cupboards, and windows that admit sunshine into all the rooms.

Located at the edge of the Center, close by the old cobblestone road that carries the traffic of the ten villages up and down the valley, the home is so accessible that everybody wants to inspect it. The house demonstrates the difference between a hovel and a home. It is inexpensive so as to be within the reach of all. The family that lives there is a part of the whole experiment, exemplifying daily a better way of life. "We find that neighbors copy neighbors quicker than they will copy the government or the Y.M.C.A." explains Hatch.

Dr. Alcantara treated 1500 patients in 1941. By finding new serums for disease prevention he has reduced epidemic deaths appreciably. He made arrangements with Dr. Rodolfo Paulin, director of the Civil Hospital at Cuernavaca, a few miles away, for the use of beds for long-time patients at that institution. He also got permission to use the X-ray and other facilities for examinations. At one time the doctor considered leaving the Center for another type of service. But the villagers quickly petitioned the Y.M.C.A. to keep him. "You gave us a modern doctor, and he has become our friend," they said, "and by so doing you took the witch doctor away. You cannot let the new doctor leave us." Dr. Alcantara still carries on.

Consider what the Y.M.C.A. is doing to improve crops and introduce new ones. The soil is worn out and crop rotation was apparently never used. Therefore after a soil analysis had been made in the government laboratories, lime superphosphate and manganese sulphate were applied with excellent results. Meanwhile, when clearing out jungle growth along the stone fences, Carranza collected a valuable amount of waste. With this, Dr. Hatch supervised the making of a compost heap, perhaps the first of its kind in Mexico, and at once the village men began to help, thus learning by doing while Carranza explained the reason for each process. Soon the villagers were building their own compost piles. Additional fertilizer was needed for trees and crops and the boys of the village willingly collected and delivered plenty of cow manure, most of it being

picked up along the roads where it was going to waste.

The people in Tepoztlan valley long ago became discouraged and stopped planting vegetables because hordes of pests destroyed the plants as soon as they sprouted. The result here, as in other parts of Mexico, was of course a serious lack of vitamins and undernourishment. In order to demonstrate the possibilities of new vegetables, 45 varieties were planted and plans were laid to destroy each pest as it attacked. Here is what happened, according to Hatch's own words: "Beans are half the diet of Mexican villagers, but even beans had been chased out of our valley by the bean beetles that promptly riddled the leaves of every new plant. Dry powder would not stick and nature provides no dew in the rainy season. Carranza had a boy with an ordinary flit gun go over the plants. He then sprayed on sodium arsenate with a fifty-cent blow gun. Next day all the beetles had disappeared."

Among other vegetables now growing are lettuce, cauliflower, cabbage, peppers, kohlrabi, sweet potatoes, rhubarb and egg plant. Twenty-nine varieties of corn, a few rows of each, are flourishing.

For the purpose of testing and experimenting a great variety of fruit trees have been planted, among them orange, lemon, apple, apricot, fig, pomegranate, guava, peach, quince, mango, olive, papaya, plum.

Mexicans love flowers but the people of Ixcatepec had never thought of using them as a source of revenue until a flower club was organized with Miss Nancy Hatch as president. By selling potted plants to visitors from Cuernavaca and Mexico City, new income is provided and a cottage industry introduced. Rare orchids, wild begonias, and delicate ferns abound all along the brook.

These flowers, not to mention scores of others up and down the valley, furnish wonderful honey for bees which unfortunately are a wild black variety that sting fiercely though they are able honey gatherers. Some honey was produced by them but primitive methods were employed to collect it. Hollow logs were used for hives and the comb destroyed when the honey was removed. Another deterrent to bee-raising was a small lizard that thrives in the valley and gets fat on bees. Soon after the Center was opened, Dr. Galindo, a member of the Y.M.C.A. board of directors in Mexico City, presented Mr. Carranza with two valuable swarms of Italian bees. Carranza designed pest-proof stands and housed them in modern hives. Sanitary methods of extracting and bottling the honey are being taught.

As soon as Trinidad Torres, the village leader of Ixcatepec, heard about the bees, he came to Dr. Hatch and said: "I have never had bees but you say bee-keeping is a good idea, so I have bought two colonies and if you will teach me how to transfer them and take care of them, I will sell my horse and buy some more." Mrs. Hatch made a net for his hat and the transfer from dry-goods boxes to modern hives was soon accomplished. Thus another cottage industry was started. Incidentally, Trinidad had copied the Center's model chicken house, making his twice as big and using bamboo instead of wire netting for window screens.

Because the village school was badly housed in a small, ancient building, it was decided to erect a new one. Inspired by the promises of help from Engineer Jose A. Cuevas, president of the Y.M.C.A. and other Association leaders, the people of Ixatepec threw themselves into the enterprise with enthusiasm. The men volunteered to make adobe bricks. Every farmer who had a horse or donkey carried stones from the brook for the foundation. Even the lady teacher together with all the pupils joined in that essential task. The Y.M.C.A. provided steel trusses for the roof and the governor of the state of Morelos gave the necessary lumber. The head carpenter of the "Y" supervised the construction. When the cornerstone was laid, Carranza was invited to be the sponsor and to speak. After the flag had been raised and several speeches made by Association secretaries, one of the oldest men in the village was moved to say: "Although I am not a speaker I have a heart and it prompts me to say that the people of this village will be grateful for your help until we die."

The school is a community center for Ixatepec and other nearby villages. The wide veranda running the whole length of the building will serve as a stage, while the spacious lawn in front will seat a thousand people when plays, lectures, demonstrations and concerts are given.

I had the satisfaction of seeing some healthy pure-bred Barred Plymouth Rock and White Leghorn chickens in their new model houses. The former had been flown in by airplane from the U.S. as chicks. Settings of eggs from these superior hens are being distributed to the villagers, who agree to take care of their broods according to improved and sanitary methods. Thoroughbred cocks are being distributed on the same condition. In a short time the small inferior native chickens will be eliminated.

The offer of Mr. Ritchie of El Rosario Dairy to present the Center with a Jersey and Holstein bull calf has been accepted and plans are on foot to improve the cattle of the valley most of which are far below standard. The cows give little or no milk.

The buildings at the Center have all been constructed by the willing cooperative efforts of the people. These include the clinic, permanent exhibit hall, model home, 11 shelters for animals, ducks, chickens and turkeys, and the community school. Even the well, the first in the valley and located at the highest point on the farm, was dug by volunteers.

"What has been the attitude of the government toward the project?" I asked Hatch.

"From top to bottom we have had only the most friendly interest and helpful cooperation," he replied. "The mayor of Tepoztlán has asked Carranza to work out a plan for a better water supply after a typhoid epidemic last year."

Vicente Campos, federal senator from the Tepoztlán district, who visits the Center frequently, said recently: "I am glad to see my fellow Indians beginning to enjoy some of the good things of life." Lopez Castillo, governor of the state of Morelos gave the lumber for the new community school and in July sent a personal representative when the 40 delegates

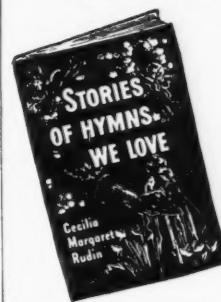
(Continued on page 61)

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



The Wisdom of China and India, by Lin Yutang. (1101 pp., Random House, \$3.95.) This brilliant and widely-read author has collected an 1100-page treasury of the wisdom that has guided the millions of Asia through past centuries. Here are authoritative treasures from all the sacred books of the East. The author has used the best, and when not satisfied he has made his own. This is, I believe, an enduring work and completely unrivaled as well as unduplicated in its field.

The Man Miss Susie Loved, by Augusta Tucker. (200 pp., Harper Brothers, \$2.75.) Gorgeous! I reveled in "Miss Susie Slagle's" and this is even more poignant. How anyone can escape being captured by this, another best-seller, I do not know. Again the trumpet sounds.

What Is The Church Doing? by Henry P. Van Dusen. (194 pp., Scribners, \$1.00.) In this crashing world there is no acuter mind and greater soul than the mind and soul of Henry P. Van Dusen. His latest book, "What Is The Church Doing?" is a marching faith for the Christians of our time. I am carrying it with me on the overseas journey which begins immediately after writing this review. I shall read it again.

Harvest of My Years, by Channing Pollock. (395 pp., Bobbs Merrill, \$3.50.) The unique and brilliant story of a unique and brilliant career. Here is frankness to the point of brutality but never to the point of vulgarity. There is one excruciating situation that only Channing Pollock could handle without the latter!

The Screwtape Letters, by C. S. Lewis. (160 pp., Macmillan Co., \$1.50.) An extraordinary little book; a powerful presentation of the ancient but continuous battle for the soul of man between evil and good, between Satan and God. The pages scintillate with humor. There is real understanding of the spiritual struggle.

Why A Jewish State? by Rabbi Leon I. Feuer. (Richard R. Smith, \$1.00.) Here concisely but with authority is the statement for Zionism. I find it a logical presentation, almost if not quite irrefutable, of the case for a Jewish state in Palestine.

Excuse Me Mrs. Meigs, by Elizabeth Corbett. (280 pp., Appleton Century, \$2.00.) Here is an old friend under new circumstances, but with her always fresh appeal to those who love her wisdom and her ways. The story of her marriage is quite wonderful and the manner in which she encouraged her granddaughter even more wonderful.

Tilda, by Mark Van Doren. (247 pp., Henry Holt, \$2.50.) A novel of deep emotion, written with fine control. The story of a life that pictures the career of many another personality searching for fulfillment.

Mr. Winkle Goes to War, by Theodore Pratt. (199 pp., Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2.00.) Here is a new book-of-the-war. Through its pages rises to heroic stature a simple man, who once was afraid of his own shadow. I wish that every American would read it. It will build heart and power into every activity of the war effort. It has marching orders for us all.

Journal for Josephine, by Robert Nathan. (143 pp., Alfred Knopf, \$1.75.) This little book is definitely as its title states "a journal and not a novel," but as a journal it reads like fiction, and it has all the grace of the fog blowing in from Cape Cod.

Nature and Destiny of Man, by Reinhold Niebuhr. (327 pp., Scribners, \$2.75.) The pre-eminent book of theology in our

time. Here is the orthodox or evangelical position stated with all the brilliant courage and clarity of Roman Catholic Father Ryan. Here is Protestantism's *magnum opus* to match and answer Father Ryan's "Apologetic." Lutherans as Lutherans and Calvinists as Calvinists may at first take offence but all those who hold at all with the Protestant teaching would rejoice and be glad.

Yours for the Asking, by Jane Abbott. (309 pp., J. B. Lippincott Co., \$2.00.) Only a person as catty as the real "cat" in this tale will fail to enjoy a truly fine story. Here is a novel that goes to the heart of the elemental conflicts in marriage. A preacher's bride meets the challenge to her happiness with spiritual daring. Also with a woman's great love, she helps her husband find himself in the hearts of his people. Definitely the preacher's wife steals the show!

Giants Gone: The Men Who Made Chicago, by Ernest Poole (354 pp., Whitely House, \$2.75.) As blowzy and headlong as the Windy City itself, done by a man who can write and who loves his home town, this one makes you wish the same sort of book could be written about your town. It tells Chicago's story in terms of her great sons. The sons form a roster of the most incredible and interesting men in American history: Joe Medill and McCormick, of Harvester fame; Pinkerton, the greatest sleuth of all time; Long John Wentworth, the Lincoln-esque Mayor; Armor the packer; Pullman the impossible; Marshall Field, the cold, calculating, princely merchant; Verkes the crook, who left a million-dollar observatory; and Julius Rosenwald, Verkes opposite, the gentle Jew, who loved his fellow-man and championed the Negro; William Rainey Harper, the father of modern liberal education. And a lot more. These are the men who dreamed and lifted a city out of prairie mud and made it the Queen City of the West. Read it. It tingles.

F. S. M.

Upon This Rock, by Emile Cammaerts (118 pp., Harper, \$1.). A splendid father (Belgian poet, professor, playwright, patriot) lost a splendid son, Pieter, in the RAF. This little book is the father's attempt to fight down the grief and to find a faith that would sustain him after the blow. He found it—beautifully. A bit involved in spots for such a short book, it will nevertheless be pure manna to other splendid parents who will be receiving the fatal telegram in the days that lie ahead. There is a lift here.

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The Church In Disrepute, by Bernard Iddings Bell. (152 pp., Harper, \$1.25.) I threw down this book at page 30 and vowed to read no more. Then I picked it up and finished it. You may do that. It's that kind of a book: witty, sharp, positive, intriguing. Brilliant analysis, disappointing suggestions for cure. (The author suggests, for instance, that church congregations are to blame for the bad preaching they're getting, that the State finance religious schools as a cure-all for bad education!) He left this reviewer with the impression that Dr. Bell is a worried Conservative who would like to be a Liberal but can't quite make it.

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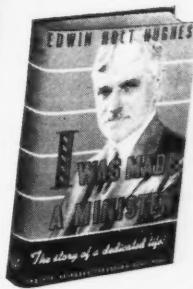
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(Continued from page 31)

Bishop left his six lame ones in Geuk-kow, lined the rest of them up one morning at dawn and shouted, "March. And sing." They marched and they sang. They were tired, and afraid, and 26 miles from their destination, but among all the three hundred there was not one complaint. Two of the big boys would sling a pack on a bamboo pole and carry it along; every mile or so, two other boys carried it. And the people in the rice paddies and in the great open fields along this half-deserted road would straighten up from their labors to listen to the orphans singing the Refugee Song that is by now sung from Peking to Canton.

... wandering homeless, wandering homeless.

What month—what year will we return to our homes?

What month—what year will bring us back to our beloved land?

The big boys watched the skies carefully, listening for planes. They were getting off the beaten track, away from the main roads and the towns, deeper into the Fukien hills. That cheered them.

No child ever cried on that long walk; not one ever begged to drop out of line. Not one spoke spitefully of the Japanese: even on the boats, under fire, not one had ever shaken his fist at the death-spitting planes nor had one ever cursed the death-dealing pilots. They just waited until the danger was passed, and then picked up their things and moved on again.

They camped one night on the road to Ku-tien, and they slept soundly. Bishop was up all night, moving in the darkness from one little sleeper to the next, pulling up a blanket here, examining a worn pair of shoes there, hunting pillows and checking his supplies and getting breakfast. Breakfast (and lunch and dinner) all along the way consisted of soft rice, pickled vegetables and salt fish. They slept in little huddled groups, holding each others hands...

They got through to Ku-tien without an accident; Bishop left them there and went back to Geuk-kow for his six cripples. He wangled a place for them on the end of a truck, got them to the bus station—and a Japanese plane came suddenly from nowhere and dived on them. He got the six lame ones buried under a pile of luggage, and they did not like it, for they could not hear the bullets strike the corrugated-iron roof. It was over quickly, and they piled onto the truck, onto the bags of soybeans and gunpowder and the last of the luggage from the Orphanage.

They were all singing and shouting when they rolled into Ku-tien—and the song and the shouts died in their throats when a man on the tailboard shouted, "Japanese!" They couldn't believe it—but there he was, a Zero fighter poised for a dive. They carried the six out into the grass at the side of the road, hurled their luggage into a little shop, and sat down to see what would happen. It happened quickly. A bomb fell on the shop, the shop collapsed and miraculously did not burn. As the plane flew away they pulled out their luggage and surveyed the

damage. Bishop was almost frantic over a huge basket of medicines upon which the health of his orphans depended. He got hold of the basket, pulled it clear, lifted the lid—and found that not one bottle was broken!

It was their last plane; from then to now, they have not seen any wings against the sky. They walked the last 18 miles from Ku-tien to the Buddhist monastery where they were to stay until peace comes again. They went in through the monastery gate just as darkness fell, welcomed only by two old caretakers left behind by the monks to burn incense before the 3000 plaster Buddhas that lined the walls. The boys took one look at the Buddhas, and they knew exactly what to do. They had an hour's fun throwing rocks, knocking off a nose here, a head there, until Bishop told them why they must not do this...

They had their evening rice. Then Bishop lighted the little tea-oil lamps around the walls, and they gathered in a ring around him in the flickering light. They sang a Christian hymn while the clay Buddhas watched in unsmiling, un-

ERLIN BISHOP has come out of China-home on Sabbatical leave. Never does a plane fly over his head that he does not feel he must run to safety—it has taken months to cure that. Behind him in China he left his orphans, his industrial boys and a staff of Chinese workers of whom he had become equally fond. He wants to go back again—the work calls to him. As soon as possible, Merlin Bishop will be on the long road back to his beloved China.

In the meantime, Henry Talbot carries on in his place—one of the last letters received from Foochow said that they were planning to bring the children back to town. They were having a hard time getting food back up into the hills.

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believing silence. When the song was done Bishop stood up in the center of the circle and looked around him at three hundred bowed heads, and he said to God:

"We thank thee, God, for thy protection on the river and along the road. Wilt thou please watch over the friends we have left behind and care for them as thou hast cared for us? We pray for them, and for our enemies. Bring peace to our land in thy good time, Lord, and peace to all men and all little children, everywhere. Amen."

And then they slept, and all through the mystic night there was no sound except the sound of the ringing of the timeless old monastery bell which every hour sent up its message to the courts of heaven, where God listened and smiled and rested, too.

(Continued from page 57)

of the Inter-American Agricultural Congress visited the Center. The Department of Agriculture of the national government has made soil surveys and provided plenty of seeds for experimental purposes, while the Health Department of the state of Morelos is helping in every way possible.

The friendly cooperation that exists between the Church and the Center also impressed me. When one of the clubs of the Y.M.C.A. presented new pews to the local church, which had been in a bad state of repair ever since the Revolution during Zapata's time, the priest asked the president of the Association to speak in the church at a ceremony attended by a large crowd of interested villagers.

The big element of success in the entire rural experimental center is the hearty and friendly response on the part of the villagers. Hatch frankly says he could make no progress at all were it not for their cooperation. They watch everything he and Carranza do; they attend conferences, read printed matter, browse through catalogs and study the new projects in the fields with eager curiosity. One illustration will indicate their enthusiastic support: The heavy steel trusses for the school building had to be moved down the valley in a big truck over almost impassable roads. But when the truck arrived late at night, the people of Ixcatepec had gone to bed. Hatch, Dr. Alcantara, Saul, the camp cook, and the truck driver were trying to negotiate the wretched narrow road alone. Aroused by the lights and noise the man in the first house quickly took in the situation. Knowing it was impossible for them to negotiate the passage alone he mobilized the entire manpower of the village within a few minutes and armed with picks, bars and shovels, they eased the heavy vehicle down embankments, over big rocks, and through gutters and ditches. After tearing down a stonewall fence they piloted the truck to the walls of the school where it required 20 strong men, sweating and cheering, to unload the heavy trusses. When the truck with its tired crew returned through the village long after midnight, the women and children were out en masse to bid them God speed.

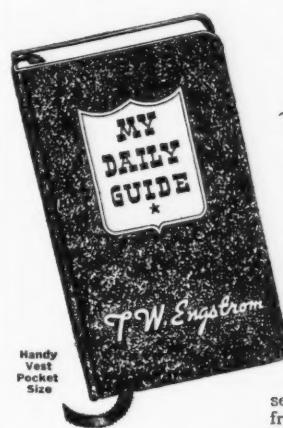
"How can this valuable type of work be made available to other parts of Mexico?" I wanted to know.

"We shall have a training school in connection with the Center," replied Hatch. "In fact, we have already started it. Hand-picked candidates from our villages and from other states in Mexico will be selected and given an intensive training. They will be taught how to fight pests, how to take care of animals and poultry and how to select suitable seeds and plants. In short, they will learn by doing all that can be taught at the Center and when they return to their respective communities they will be missionaries for a more abundant rural life; happy to serve their fellow countrymen in this needy field of agrarian reconstruction."

The words of Juan N. Pascoe will long remain with me as he talked about the work at Tepoztlán:

"I am enthusiastic about the Center and am glad to have a part in it because it is democratically operated, because it is a practical demonstration of Mexican-American cooperation."

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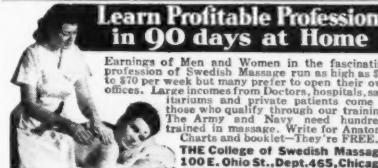
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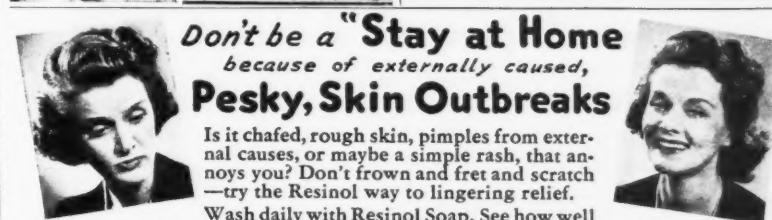
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THE CURIOUS CENTURION

(Continued from page 19)

and the peaceful quality which developed in their lives aroused the enquiry of several friends. Gradually the centurion's home became the meeting-place of a little circle who met for prayer.

This new spiritual experience changed the soldier's life. He grew more compassionate toward unfortunate people, less brutal and more interested in justice than in arbitrary authority. But his faith was still only longing, for his prayers were to that unknown god to whom the man of Calvary had spoken. Then a friend came down from Jerusalem. He told a strange story about the followers of the man from Galilee. They had not dispersed, but, on the contrary, were carrying on his work and winning new disciples by the hundreds. So the group sent an appeal to the church at Jerusalem, requesting that someone come and teach them. Peter came. He told them the story of Christ and the meaning of His life. Then the centurion, his family and their friends were baptized.

At last Cornelius understood the longings of his soul. His heart overflowed with love for the man whose death he had superintended. Constantly he remembered that word "forgive" and thanked the Father God, for it seemed that the word had been spoken just for him. The years were full of joy in his once pagan home. He loved his wife and children with a tender devotion which he had never before felt.

Then he was transferred a third time, to the capital of the world. It was a proud day for Cornelius when he marched at the head of his command through the streets of Rome. A Christian church was already flourishing in the city and the whole family soon became devoted members. Life had been a blessed experience for him and he had devoted all his spare time of the last few years telling others about the Saviour.

Suddenly conditions were tragically altered. An incredible rumor spread through the Christian community. Nero, the emperor, had committed one mistake after another. Finally, the wheat ships, which brought the harvest from North Africa, encountered terrible storms in which most of them were wrecked. Famine threatened the city and the mood of the people was ugly. Nero needed a scapegoat on which to place the blame, and the small Christian group was singled out for the terrible honor. It was explained that their superstitious religion displeased the gods, who showed their rage in the catastrophe of the fleet. Some of the Christians were arrested and sacrificed in the arena. The crowd enjoyed the sport so Nero ordered an extension of the persecution.

Many members of the church welcomed martyrdom. Indeed, the leaders had to publish an order that no one should encourage arrest. Cornelius obeyed, for he felt that seeking martyrdom was as ridiculous as courting death in battle. He carried on his work and met with the church in its new meeting place down in the old tunnels under the city.

Cornelius had been absorbed for longer than he realized in his reminiscing of the past years. It was almost time for him to execute the order given him the

previous afternoon. He had to steel himself for the coming ordeal he faced in escorting the group of Christian prisoners to the arena. It was the arrival of this order which had caused him to spend the night in prayer and in recollection of his life.

And now the day had come. He was a soldier and an officer in the army of Rome. It was his duty, therefore, to obey orders. Cornelius buckled on his sword and stepped into the street. The day was lovely, as glorious as that other day so long ago. At the barracks he marshalled his company, then proceeded to the prison. The Christians were arranged between two ranks of guards and thus they marched into the arena. A great cry greeted the little procession as thousands of excited spectators shouted, "The lions, release the lions!"

Here, however, his duty as a soldier of Rome was fulfilled. He had rendered to Caesar that responsibility he owed to Caesar; now it was his task to present to God that part of his life which he owed to God. He gave a last order to his men. "About face, march!" then quietly took off his armor, laid his sword on the sand and knelt beside his Christian brethren. He did not cry nor curse, for he knew One who had died with forgiveness upon His lips. A terrible roaring deafened his hearing . . .

It was dark and he felt strangely different. The great arena was silent now, for the crowd had gone. A huge beast staggered to its feet and moved off into the shadows. It was very quiet, but he was not alone. Someone who seemed to be surrounded with a faint iridescence was coming toward him. The man offered His hands in welcome and there were holes in them, as though nails had been hammered through the flesh. Cornelius looked up into a face he had seen once before. The newcomer, whose eyes were so full of compassion, smiled at him. Cornelius smiled back.

EASTER SERMON

(Continued from page 33)

this is partly the cause of our fear, for persons who have looked death in the face through some dangerous experience or some nearly fatal sickness do have a kind of calm courage. Certainly we see that it is not the actual physical pain of dying which makes it frightening, for our observation of death leads us to believe that the bodily anguish at the end is far less than many of the pains from which we recover. When Browning described the death of a loved one by saying, "God took her to Himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark weary bed into your arms," he was picturing the gentleness with which the spirit so often slips out of the body.

No, it is not the pain of passing which makes for the dread of death. Is it not rather the loss of the things we love, the leaving of something we know for something strange? To assuage that sense of severance some of us have found help in turning from the rush of human activities to things which suggest the eternal; as for instance the lovely magnolia gardens of old Charleston with their ever-recurring beauty or the sea which is so

restful in its restlessness, so changing and yet so changeless.

Similarly Christ gives us victory over the fear of death by turning our thoughts to the eternal and the invisible. For when a person has gazed in contemplation on the eternal and invisible, when he has bidden farewell to loved ones gone before, then death is but a going home.

Among the treasured bits of literature are some letters left by Dr. Edward Wilson, the brave explorer who lost his life in the Antarctic. Listen to these words written to his wife just before the end: "Don't be unhappy. We are playing a good part in a great scheme arranged by God himself, and all is well. . . . We will all meet after death, and death hath no terrors . . . all is for the best to those that love God, and we have both loved him with all our lives."

There writes a man for whom the fear of death as well as the fact of death is swallowed up in victory. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Yet, if we are to live the triumphant life, we must gain a victory not only over the fact of death, and the fear of death, but also over the *survival of death*. We may survive death and be defeated by it. We may wake up beyond the grave and wish we had not. We may reach the realm of the Spirit and be as little able to appreciate it as a South Sea savage could appreciate the discussions of a convention of scientists. And to be where we do not fit—that is hell. We might go where Christ had prepared a place for us, and be as ill at ease as a night club roué amid the meditations of a religious retreat. And that would be hell. To be worldly where things are spiritual, to be impure and false in the midst of things that are pure and true, to be filled with hate in a realm attuned to love—that would be hell.

Let us not torture ourselves with old pictures of hell as a place of unending punishment. God is love, and love chastens only to redeem. But on the other hand, let us not fool ourselves into thinking that to get by the gate of death is a guarantee of eternal bliss. Emerson remarked that people clamor for immortality when they have not shown ability to use this life. There is nothing in the logic of the universe's fidelity nor in the teachings of Christ to warrant the belief that eternal life is given to every one as a sort of universal insurance policy guaranteeing us against want and against hardship.

The teaching of the Bible is that eternal life is something that we lay hold on. We enter the hereafter, as I see it, by way of a schoolroom rather than a courtroom. It is not a case of getting by God without a sentence to hell, as one might get by an earthly court and go scot free. Our Heavenly Father, like our Lord, is a Teacher. He extends the course. He gives us another chance. But he does not change the rules of life's school. God is just to reward us, but the rewards have to be earned. God is just to punish us, but his punishments are purposive and purging. We go on from where we are in the course.

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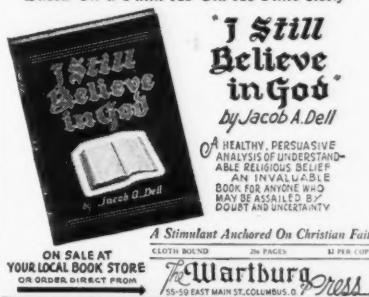
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(Continued from page 17)

brief to read over, so we didn't have to carry around as much in our heads as you'd think."

As a matter of fact, she is said to be one of the few judges who makes a practice of reading the briefs of cases in advance. Since briefs in most cases mount up to fat volumes, this means that she habitually covers phenomenal amounts of reading. She probably couldn't manage it but for two knacks; she has so cultivated her powers of concentration that, at will, she can render herself deaf to unrelated sounds, and she can run her eyes down a page and at a glance pull out its gist, which she is then able to file away in its proper sequence in her mind.

In the winning of the peace, justice will be much concerned. And justice finds many forms of expression. Naturally the courts are one expression of justice. Judge Allen would like to see women taking more interest in the administration of justice. Not merely women whose profession is the law, but all women who are citizens and therefore have a big stake in the nation. Obviously all women cannot be probation officers or deputy clerks in their community courts. But all women can sufficiently inform themselves about the problems which come into the courts so that they can back up the women who are probation officers, deputy clerks, county prosecutors, assistant district attorneys, solicitors for villages and municipalities. Throughout the country, the woman judge has appeared not only in courts of restricted jurisdiction, such as the juvenile, probate and domestic relations courts, but in courts of general jurisdiction as well. Some have been appointed; many have been elected. But the point is that many problems come before them to be adjudicated in which it is of far-reaching value to the community for the women judges and other women of the legal profession to have the close cooperation and backing of the homemakers of the community, the church women, the club women, teachers.

Judge Allen believes that women of the community, taking a personal and active interest in the courts, implies a support which immeasurably raises the standards of the courtroom, particularly in criminal trials. "As assistant county prosecutor in charge of the grand jury of Cuyahoga County, for instance," she recalled, "I was kept closely in touch with the conduct of criminal cases. Time and again I saw the atmosphere of the courtroom completely change, in cases dealing with social morals, simply because a woman was present in the room."

There are still sections where jury service by women is permitted legally, but where women tend to shrink from it and try to find ways to avoid it. Judge Allen feels that the greatest single contribution by women to the administration of justice has been by willing and conscientious jury service, and she would like to see it increased. In personal injury cases, women jurors are sensitive to the sufferings of the litigant without being hoodwinked by that suffering into giving an unjust verdict. There have been cases when women jurors cried bitterly over the tragedy of the situation—but voted strictly on the facts as presented, though it meant a verdict against the person with whose suffering

they sympathized. Judge Allen thinks this conscientiousness in women jurors and the fact that they tend to bring to a decision in important matters a strict sense of responsibility makes them a powerful factor in the bulwarking of that justice which is a root of the American way of life.

"Courts simply can't function properly in a democracy unless," Judge Allen points out, "the individual citizen—which certainly means you and me, not just Mr. Jones and Mrs. Smith—has a conviction of his participating ownership in them as a vital institution in the national life. Particularly in the criminal courts, the court system has become remote from the life of the so-called better class. But with the advent of women on the jury, the sense of family ownership in the court system is brought home in vivid terms to father, mother and children alike.

"I am a profound believer in the jury. But I believe that the jury will not perform its authentic or full service until not only judges and lawyers but the *layman and his wife and their children* acquire a sense that the jury is as important an instrument for helping to solve community problems as the traffic signal-light system or the air-raid alarm system. Since women are litigants, since women are citizens, since women are persons, I believe it is their privilege as well as their duty to become a sort of civilian defense auxiliary to the machinery of justice."

Long before anyone was using the phrase "winning the peace," Judge Allen was speaking on the need to emphasize new group conceptions. Part of the winning of the peace is certainly going to be the universal comprehension that nations, like individuals, derive their greatness from deeds of benefit done not for themselves alone but for all mankind. One of the profound reasons why the Allies are arrayed against the Axis powers is that the Allies, as free people, realize that the bondage of any one nation can no longer be restricted to that one nation, but becomes a threat to all. In the new concept of global inter-dependency, "to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with God" are going to be very much a part of the realization that a government is not a sovereignty, arbitrary and unlimited by the moral standards for which we hold individuals responsible, but that governments of free peoples earn and keep their freedom by "establishing justice, promoting the general welfare and securing the blessings of liberty."

"We have to learn and to teach," Judge Allen goes on, "that the purpose of government is ethical, not merely material; and that individually sharing in that purpose is a splendid adventure to which every one of us who regard ourselves as good Americans is called. Are we in danger of forgetting the old standards on which the real vitality of the nation was founded, namely that there is an ethical purpose in group life as well as in individual life?"

"In the days following the war, when there is peace again, shall we be remembered for our genius in mass production? Or shall we be remembered for leadership in bringing about a whole new concept of peace, founded on social and political truth, in the sure knowledge that, in the end, it is the things of the spirit that prevail?"

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(Continued from page 43)

Here is a dream of a dish, Deep Dish Onion and Egg Pie. It's new, different. No appetite can resist the blending of delightful flavors in this nutritious yet thrifty dish.

DEEP DISH ONION AND EGG PIE

10 sweet Spanish onions	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 dozen diced hard-cooked eggs	1 quart grated or shredded sharp cheese
2 quarts medium white sauce	1 recipe meat pie crust (below)

Peel and slice onions. Cook in small amount of salted water, in tightly covered pan, until just tender, about 20 minutes. Drain and use juice in making white sauce or reserve for soup. (If you throw it away you lose nutritive value and flavor.) Combine cooked onions and diced egg with cream sauce, Worcestershire and grated cheese. Pour into casseroles or deep baking dishes and top with meat pie crust, cut in fancy shapes. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) until crust is brown and filling bubbly, about 20 minutes. Yield: 25 servings.

APPLE, CELERY AND RAISIN SALAD

4 quarts cut apple	1 1/2 cups white corn syrup
1 1/2 quarts cut celery	1/2 cup lemon juice
3 cups raisins	2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt	
1 teaspoon paprika	

Stew raisins slowly, in as little water as possible, until plump and tender, but not mushy; drain. Beat together syrup, seasonings, lemon, sugar, and 6 or 8 tablespoons raisin water. Peel apples, quarter, and slice crosswise. The slices should be thick enough not to break. Cut celery in 1/4 inch slices. Marinate apples and celery in syrup mixture 30 minutes; drain, add raisins. Serve on shredded or heart leaves of lettuce. Serve with cream or Cream Mayonnaise Dressing. Dates may be used in place of raisins. Yield: 25 servings.

A very small piece of lemon pie is all that can be expected in days of sugar and fat scarcity. But the small piece might look better in a tart shell.

CORN FLAKE PASTRY MIX

2 cups corn flakes	1/2 tablespoon salt
3 1/2 cups sifted flour	1 cup shortening

Crush corn flakes into fine crumbs; mix well with flour and salt. Cut in shortening with pastry blender until mixture looks like cornmeal. Store in covered container in refrigerator for future use. Yield: 25 small tart shells.

LEMON CUSTARD

2 cups milk	1 cup water
1/4 cups sugar	6 eggs, separated
1/2 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind	2/3 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup cornstarch	2/3 cup sugar for meringue

Bring milk, sugar, salt and grated lemon rind to the boiling point over direct heat. Add the cornstarch which has been softened in the water and cook in a double boiler for 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks until light. Remove cooked mixture from heat and add the well-beaten egg yolks. Add the butter and the lemon juice. Cool. Pour into baked tart shells. Top with meringue made by adding remaining sugar to well-beaten egg whites. Bake in a 300° oven for about 15 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned. Yield: 25 small tarts.

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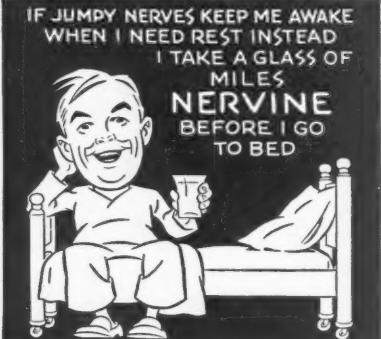
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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Easily Turned

"She had a head like a doorknob."

"How's that?"

"Any man could turn it."

—Exchange.

Way Down

Pa—Well, son, how are your marks?

Son—They're under water.

Pa—What do you mean under water?

Son—Below "C" level.

—Exchange.

Accidents Will Happen

Mistress—How are you on fancy dishes?

Applicant for cook—Jes' as easy as I kin be, ma'am, but things will break sometimes.

—Exchange.

Where Indeed?

"Where is my wandering boy tonight, I wonder, near or far?"

An anxious parent asks, and adds:

"And also, where's the car?"

—Exchange.

Tell You Later

Minister—I touched them rather deeply this morning, don't you think?

Deacon—I don't know. We haven't counted the collection yet.

—Exchange.

Every Game

Man is a delightful little worm who squirms around until he is about twenty-three and then some chicken gets him.

—Watchword.

We Do Indade

An American soldier in Ireland, anxiously waiting to hear from his sweetheart back home, accosted a native and inquired, "How many mails do you have here a day?"

"Three," was the reply, "breakfast, dinner and tay."

—Exchange.

Might Be More Correct

Young Father—In your sermon this morning you spoke about a baby being a new wave on the ocean of life.

Minister—That's right.

Young Father—Don't you think a fresh squall would have been nearer the truth?

—Lookout.

Specification

Architect—Now, if you'll give me a general idea of the kind of home you need.

Prospective Builder—Well, we want something to go with an antique door knocker my wife brought home from Mexico City.

—Exchange.

Destination Unknown

A goat had eaten an express ticket, and a Negro employee of the express company approached his superior with the query:

"Boss, what we gwine to do 'bout dat goat? He's done et up where he's gwine."

—Cash Year

No Novelty There

Come with me to the zoo:

No, thanks. I'll stay at home. My daughter talks like a parrot; my son laughs like a hyena; my wife watches me like a hawk; my cook is as cross as a bear; and my mother-in-law says I'm an old gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change.

—University of New Mexico's Sandia Signal.

Effective Ad

Card in Florida paper: "Thursday I lost a gold watch I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an 'ad' in your lost-and-found column and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. God bless your paper."

—Exchange.

Distinction

"On the day on which my wedding occurred—"

"You'll pardon the correction, but affairs such as marriages, receptions, dinners, and things of that sort 'take place.' It is only calamities which 'occur.' You see the distinction?"

"Yes, I see. As I was saying, the day on which my wedding occurred—"

—Lookout.

As Pat Viewed It

Two young Irishmen had just gone into the trenches during the World War, and their captain promised \$1 for every one of the enemy they killed. Pat was asleep when he was awakened by Mike shouting, "The Germans are charging! Wake up!"

"How many are there?" shouts Pat.

"About 50,000," says Mike.

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"

Kablegrams.

What's in a Name?

Minister (to parents of new baby): Do you realize what hope should dawn in your hearts today? Think of the future that may lie before this dear child. He may one day become a clergyman like myself, or maybe a brave sea captain or a noble soldier. He may even rise to the glorious heights of an illustrious statesman. What are you going to name him?

Mother: Myrtle Elizabeth.

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(Continued from page 14)

Who will gradually work out a better industrial order to redeem and utilize the struggles of the past? Will it be done by blinded partisans equally selfish? We now see what that means: labor and capital are both fighting for the same thing, profits, and that on this conception their interests are truly mutual.

The situation in which people find themselves today can be solved only if there are hundreds of thousands who care. We must not stop at Golgotha but press on to Easter Day. Men who care, with God's help, are capable of rolling the stone away from the sepulchre in which our best hopes are captive.

It will be people who think who shall roll away the stone. The cross takes a different form in every generation. The form which the cross takes in our times is, in a peculiar way, the intolerable burden of clear thinking. We have emerged into a time when most of us are dulled, confused, and disillusioned. Millions have sunk back into an attitude of recrimination. It is extraordinarily difficult to arouse people to see all sides of a question.

Who shall roll the stone away from before the sepulchre? Men who care and men who think.

And, once again, it will be men who love. By a curious twist of human nature, it is difficult not to feel bitter toward those for whom we have borne pain, and it is equally difficult for us to accept sacrifices or noble action gracefully. Accordingly, we find much bitterness abroad today both in those who performed prodigies of labor or of heroism, and, also on the part of those for whom it was done. The returning soldier will be apt to feel bitterly toward the civilian who has lived in comparative safety.

Perhaps the reason why our present situation is so serious is because we are drawing closer together. A family row is the worst sort of a row. Among the spiritually minded, the kingdom of God is more and more conceived as within human hearts, and the holocaust that has swept the world these past years has tended to shatter this splendid dream. We need again our dreams, fair and beautiful forms that will beckon us on through heartbreaking years of toil; something untarnished and above the hands of men to hurt or to mar; something to love and to worship.

Building a new and better world from the wreckage of the past will be no easy task. Only men who have a deathless love will stand up under the strain of ignorance, stupidity, social reproach, disappointment, and weary waiting. Men have poured out and will pour out their lives for great causes. They are doing it daily for many lesser loyalties. They will do it for the highest purposes whenever men of insight and ingenuity and imagination assume the leadership of the race.

We need the power of His resurrection, the living presence of the living Christ. Men who care, men who think, men who love—these are they who, having themselves passed through great tribulation, will roll away the stone from the burial place of our sons and our hopes and our dreams, which always seem for the moment to have died in vain.

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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Hi, Soldier!

A California reader sends us a card which is being distributed by interested (?) parties to soldiers off duty. It goes like this:

Hi, Soldier!

We're friends of yours. We know the regulations do not permit you to buy liquor during off hours; therefore, don't betray our friendship by asking us to do something which will get you into trouble.

Sincerely, PETE and JACK,
49 E. 2nd Street

P. S.: Come in between 6:00 and 10:00 and you can have anything.

It may be within the law, but it is also typical of liquor-industry tactics. ". . . and you can have anything" is about the most blatant exhibition of the fifth column mind that we have seen since Pearl Harbor.

Like Our Covers?

6200 Second Street,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor:

Your good paper (February) . . . very nearly went into the wastebasket. In looking over other second-class mail, a peep under the wrapper led us to think this was another catalogue from some mail-order house. A further glance showed us it was *The Herald*. We were much disappointed to see such a splendid Christian magazine with a cover that is similar to cheap commercial concerns. It surely loses much of its dignity.

Sarah Holmes

Mena, Arkansas

Dear Editor:

I write to let you know that we think the February cover on *Christian Herald* is beautiful. . .

Mrs. C. P. Michael

It seems to be a matter of taste — artistic taste. While we're on the subject, we'd like to know what our readers think of the March cover—and particularly our Easter cover. We believe artist Daugherty has caught the spirit of Easter in his conception of the angels looking down upon the miracle of the Resurrection. But we'd like to know what you think of this cover, and of all our other covers, that we may be guided in our choice of future subjects and artists.

More on Profanity

B Battery 28th Bn 7th Regiment,
Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Dear Editor:

The use of profanity . . . is partly an indication of how poorly the American people have been educated and partly an indication of how little concern there is for a good substantial life, on the part of the indifferent.

The swearers usually do not know the language, and they have little desire to know it better. The language has every shade of meaning for those who will trouble their minds about the matter. Even good people will fail to uphold right thought through right thinking, so it is of little use trying to buck the tide. There is every need for people of character to work at strengthening themselves, for the forces of evil are loud-mouthed and can easily grow in strength.

Yours truly,
Pvt. Carl E. Peterson

Well put, soldier!

Prayer

Into our editorial sanctum the other day came a prayer that made our day bright and warm in spite of a blizzard beyond our windows. It is a "Sergeant's Prayer," and we give it to you by courtesy of *Time Magazine*:

Almighty and all-present Power,
Short is the prayer I make to Thee;
I do not ask in battle hour
For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,
From which the stars do not depart
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe,
I seek no petty victory here;
The enemy I hate, I know,
To Thee is also dear.

But this I pray; be at my side
When death is drawing through the sky.
Almighty God who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.

The Fairest Tax

Olney, Ill.

Editor, Straight Talk:

Will you kindly explain how the general sales tax can be "the fairest of all taxes?" My children and grandchildren, who are "college-bred," hold that inheritance and income taxes are more nearly fair in that they are based on and proportioned to "ability to pay." And even our Victory tax allows a substance exemption. Our sales tax, however, is collected from any and all who must buy a living, even those with

the most meager income—the blind, the aged, and other helpless dependents.

The more fortunate who need not spend their whole income are exempt from sales tax on their surplus savings. One with \$25,000 net income, after all other taxes are paid, and who lives "scotch" on \$1000 a year, is sales tax exempt on 24/25 of his income!

Yours questioningly,
H. A. Hull

Please, Reader Hull, I am only an editor. You have led me into deep water here—too deep! This whole tax business is Greek to me; all I do is to fill out the check. And besides—you really can't expect me to argue the case with your college-bred children and grandchildren. When I was their age and still on the campus, I knew all about it. The years have worn me down; now I just give up and pay up.

But seriously—the only reason the sales tax has found such favor, I suppose, is that it is more painless than any other form of tax. You don't miss a few pennies at a time, even though in the end it may mean more than any other variety of assessment.

And I am serious, too, when I say that any citizen so "scotch" that he lives on \$1000 when he has a \$25,000 income should have the 24/25 taken away from him and donated to the public good. Here is one of the basic roots of Communism.

Clinchy, Brotherhood, Congress

Irasburg, Vt.

Dear Editor:

I read with much interest the article, "Brotherhood or Chaos," by Dr. Clinchy. And please believe me: I am not trying to stir up strife or throw any monkey wrenches into the machinery. But Dr. Clinchy quotes a soldier as saying that we have "got to practice a little more brotherhood ourselves," and Rabbi Lazaron as answering that "We have to clean house ourselves." Now, I would like to suggest that the ideal place to begin cleaning house and practicing brotherhood would be in Congress. It would be an excellent idea if a team representing different faiths and different races would work right there, for a time. . .

Respectfully yours,
Nettie B. Shedd Kidder

We sympathize with Miss Kidder deeply. Congress needs something like this. But let's not forget that Congress moves with its ear to the ground; the public mind guides the Congressional mind; these men in Washington come from the people, and they move softly when the people speak. No—brotherhood must start locally before it can start nationally, or legislatively. Right?

CHRISTIAN HERALD

The
Country Preacher
Says:



Talk about it being so cold that it freezes the hinges off the barn doors—it certainly came near doing that last night. We had had a long warm spell and all thought that the backbone of winter was broken but how true it is that winter never rots in the skies! The thermometer kept at 26 below zero for hours this morning. I believe the water in the hen pail froze before I got back to the house. Yesterday we got six eggs from nine hens and today we got only two. They lay every other day this time of year.

I saw that the Vice-President and other notables went to a muskrat dinner. Why not? A muskrat is not a "rat;" he belongs to the beaver family. It is one of the very cleanest animals. It subsists on roots and washes them carefully before eating. Tens of thousands of pounds of this good meat are annually thrown away. In some places this meat is called swamp rabbit.

Speaking of swamp rabbit makes me think—did you ever hear of swamp angels? It is a term applied to people pretty well down in the social scale. They were telling me about a place up in New York state I was riding through. It was a quite thickly settled neighborhood, made up wholly of swamp angels. The Episcopal church went there and built a chapel and sent a "missionary." The ways of these people were new and startling to him and so before long he wrote an article for a magazine about them. Of course some one got hold of it and sent it to one of the people who in turn promptly showed it to them all, and they all were furious and the writer got out of that section of the country considerably faster than he entered it.

The building stood vacant a long while and the Episcopalians moved out their ecclesiastical furniture. How I would have loved to have gotten out of the car and gone to work right there. I just love that kind of people. They are real and plain spoken and the "poor are always kind." After long and leisurely calls at every house I would invite them all to a "party." And do you know what would happen after a few weeks of this? More than one would say, "Why don't we have a Sunday School?" And then, and not until then, would I start one. This in the daytime with a whizbang of an evening service with gospel hymn singing that would loosen the shingles on the roof.

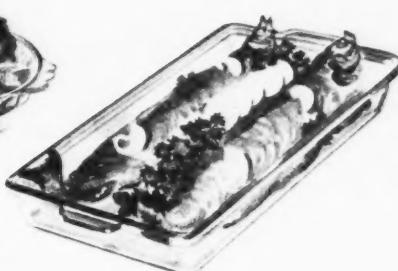
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